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CORRESPONDENCE

DOWN ON THE UPSIDE

To the editors:

One is inclined to think the editors have gone schizoid. In "Do Run Ron" (TNR, February 13) you warn of the potential calamities in store with a return of Reagan: a revivified superpower cold war and "deterioration of the Atlantic Alliance." You chastise the Administration for having little to show in terms of "concrete accomplishments" in foreign policy, the list of inaction and decay topped off with "no arms control treaties." But no more than one week passes when, in "The Upside Abroad" (TNR, February 20), you chide the notion that "President Reagan has had no foreign policy successes," claiming it is fallacious to equate the absence of treaties with a lack of foreign policy achievements. One week older and wiser, the President is congratulated for *saving* NATO. Further, after issuing concern about a possible "hot war in Central America," you write of the "salutary effects" the Grenada action has had in the region.

What's the story? My personal feeling is that the latter section on foreign policy in "Do Run Ron" was offered simply as a tempting catchall menu to placate those readers who have become alarmed at your increasingly neoconservative drift. I do not read TNR expectant of hard-line partisanship immune to change and reflection, but a little more consistency would be appreciated.

PHILIP ROTHMAN
Brooklyn, New York

GLOSSED COST

To the editors:

Tina Rosenberg's criticism of Joseph Califano's calculation of health program costs is off the mark ("Figure Skirting," TNR, February 13). Analysts compute the "*present* discounted value" of programs with costs over several years. This method allows one to compensate for both inflation and the "time-adjusted" value of money spent in the future (for example, if one assumes a 3 percent inflation rate and real interest rates of 5 percent, a dollar spent three years from now is worth 79.4 cents today) in one coherent figure, priced in present-day dollars. Though it may seem illogical to the uninitiated, the health program priced in 1980 at $18 billion fully takes into account the fact that the nominal cost of the program in 1983 would have been higher, i.e., $27 billion in this example.

As Rosenberg points out, the choice (assumption) of an appropriate interest rate by which costs can be "discounted" is often problematic. However, Califano's choice of discount rates is not at issue here. His use of 1980 dollars to price the health program was fully justified and proper.

MICHAEL B. BERGER
Kensington, California

HOT AND SOUR READER

To the editors:

I would like TRB and Chuck Lane, writer and researcher for the column, "Hot and Sour Coolies" (TNR, February 13), to broaden their perspective a bit and consider the following facts in their appraisal of the Chinese government's control over a restaurant in Washington that is staffed by citizens of China and run in accord with Chinese economic law and practices.

First, in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, Americans, Europeans, and others carved out territorial spheres of influence in China, in which they were beyond the reach of the Chinese legal system and Chinese propriety. It is rather ironic that now that China is strong enough to place its nationals in foreign countries where they live quietly and unobtrusively, hurting no one, this should cause such critical comment.

Second, Americans go to live in China and are treated exceptionally by the Chinese government, given privileges that practically amount to their living in line with American lifestyles—better food, better entertainment, higher salaries, a much greater range of personal freedoms, and so forth, as compared to the way in which the average Chinese person lives. Would TRB and Mr. Lane think that Americans living in foreign countries, in China especially, ought to submit 100 percent to the customs and life-styles in those countries, just as they believe the Chinese operations in this country must be run exactly as American operations are run?

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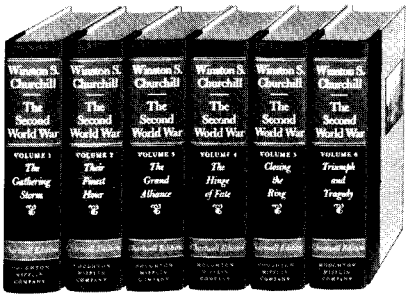

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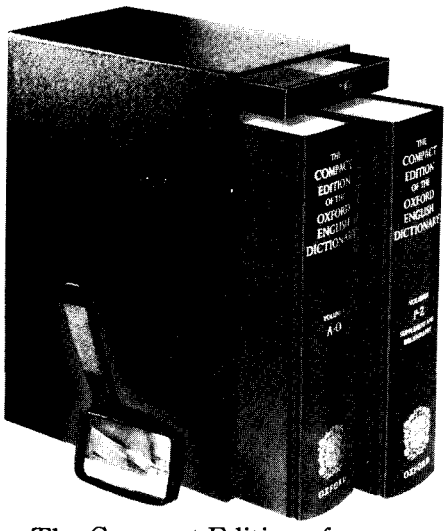

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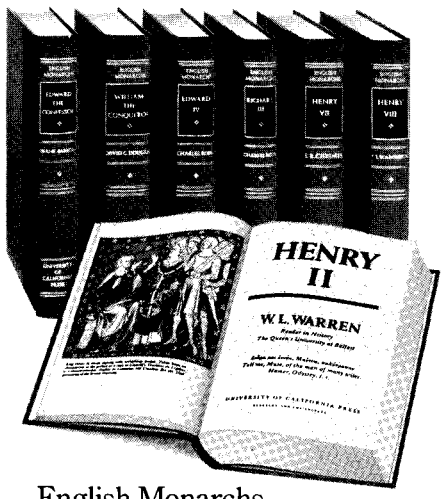

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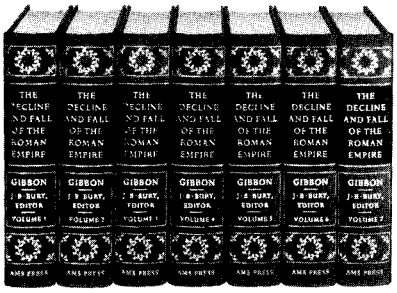

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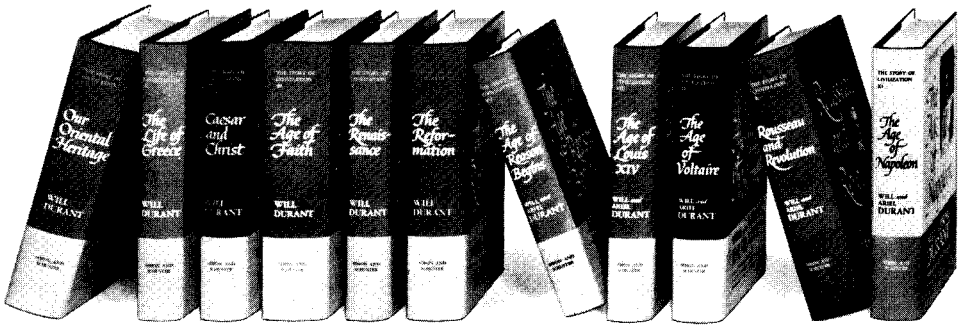

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FROM WASHINGTON

POST-PARTUM DEPRESSION

In the first Democratic Presidential candidates' debate at Dartmouth on January 15, Phil Donahue asked the boys what they thought about all these big corporations gobbling one another up. They didn't think much of it. Gary Hart said fiercely, "We ought to have an attorney general who's enforcing the antitrust laws." Then George McGovern added, "There's one place that I would waive the antitrust laws, . . . and that is in the case of Bell Telephone. I think we made a big mistake breaking up that company."

The Democrats smell an issue in widespread popular grumbling about the breakup of AT&T. Fritz Mondale's been making it part of his "fairness" theme on the campaign trail, conjuring a Reagan Administration plot to deprive poor people of their telephones. At the same time, humongous corporations remain a tempting target, so Mondale has also criticized the merger boom. Thus the evolving Democratic position seems to be that letting large corporations merge and get even larger is bad, but breaking up the largest corporation on earth (and a monopoly to boot) is even worse. Adding to the confusion is the current Democratic enthusiasm for "industrial policy." In the version favored by Mondale and the labor unions, this virtually involves turning the basic American industries into centrally run cartels.

Antitrust began as a Republican conceit, but for at least the past half-century it has been pursued with more vigor by the Democrats. Democrats have been associated in particular with the populist side of antitrust, which worries about the general social role of large corporations, apart from more clinical issues of economic competition. Yet no corporation loomed larger in society, or could muster more political clout (with millions of employees and stockholders throughout the country, and prominent officers in every political jurisdiction) than the old AT&T.

Maybe the widespread nostalgia for Ma Bell has a simple psychiatric explanation. AT&T used to be regarded as Big Mother: a rapacious, uncaring monster. (Remember Lily Tomlin's Ernestine-the-operator routine? "We don't care. We don't have to. We're the Phone Company.") Now the national telephone monopoly is fondly recalled as a nuturing sort of institution, an Earth Mother Bell, embracing a nation of grateful customers, with a special warm caress for the poor. Although the anthropomorphic fallacy is usually a mistake in analyzing corporate behavior, I would propose a third version: Ma Bell was a fat, complacent old crone, not mean-spirited, but constipated and set in her ways.

Bell nostalgiacs sob that we have, or had, the best phone system in the world. Why fix what ain't broke? This is a self-defeating argument. Almost all other national phone systems are run by state agencies. If our quasi-private enterprise was so clearly superior, why shouldn't real private enterprise be even better still?

AT&T did provide high-quality ("gold-plated") basic phone service to almost everybody. It also fought every inch of the way against innovations that have made phone service better or cheaper. Twenty years ago Bell was insisting that plastic shoulder rests, if made by somebody else, were "foreign attachments" that threatened the "integrity" of the phone system. If AT&T had had its way, phones today would still come in only a couple of styles, you wouldn't be allowed to plug your own phone or answering machines into Bell's system, and long-distance service would cost far more than it does. Portable telephones and other marvels would be on the distant horizon, instead of just around the next corner.

Communications satellites are transforming the television industry and many others, even print journalism, by making national distribution of words and pictures cheap and instantaneous. AT&T, because of its investment in older landlocked technology, used all

continued on page 42

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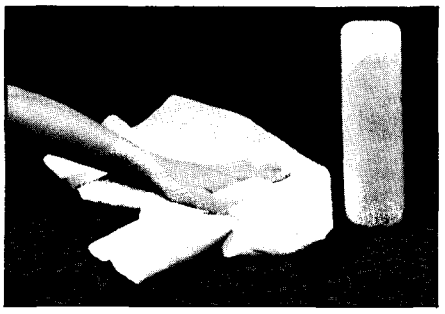

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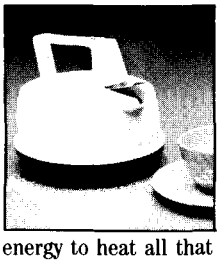

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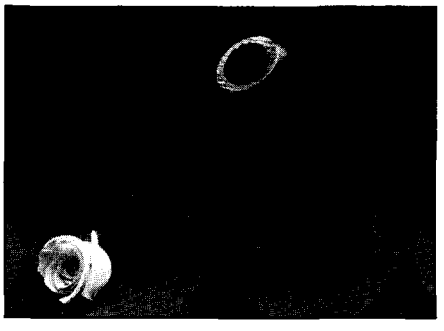

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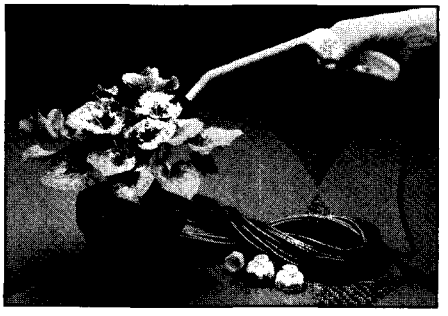

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THE DEBACLE

There is no longer a crisis in Lebanon. There is a debacle. The losers are Lebanon, Israel, and the United States. The winners are Syria and the Soviet Union.

The immediate failure, of course, is Amin Gemayel's. The institutions of order that he was attempting to create out of the clans, tribes, sects, and parties of his country—a national government and a national army—have not withstood the Druse and Shiite assault that began on February 6. To a certain extent, the president was to blame. Not that he didn't make political and social concessions of historical consequence to the ethnic and sectarian factions; he did. He even tried to make the army an army of all the Lebanese. But Lebanon is a place where any conciliatory move is thought only to veil a hostile intent. Mr. Gemayel's concessions were not reciprocated by cooperation. The old divisive and violent reflexes persisted. So when it came to the policing of the private militias that have turned Beirut into a war zone for almost a decade, Mr. Gemayel acted less out of fairness and more out of factional loyalty. He remained his father's son, upon whom the Phalangist mantle fell. By failing to create a credible national identity for his fragile government, moreover, he betrayed the external forces that had committed themselves to his survival—that is, Israel and the United States. Israel has experienced a jolt of historical proportions with what appears to be the impending "abrogation" of the Israeli-Lebanese treaty of May 17. The United States has experienced a jolt of historic proportions with the collapse of what it described as a legal, democratically elected, pro-Western government. That description, it turns out, was not completely correct. The Gemayel government was legal. It was democratically elected. It was pro-Western. But it was not quite a government.

Still, this is almost all beside the point. Amin Gemayel could have chosen to act like George Washington, and it still might not have mattered. The reason is Syria. The dictator Hafez Assad had no intention of allowing his regional desires to be thwarted by anything so sentimental as the integrity of Lebanon. His army has been occupying a large and strategically essential area of Lebanon since 1976. And the Syrians, as is well known, see Syria beyond every one of their borders. The Israeli war on the P.L.O. in Lebanon, the Moslem refusal to accept the Christian government, the Iranian thirst for holy terrorism, the American reluctance to resist the Druse and Shiite forces in any way that might hurt a fly—all of these circumstances constituted an unprecedented opportunity for Mr. Assad to act on his ambitions, and with a degree of brutality that must make him one of the truly great tyrants of the age. Mr. Assad's opportunity, moreover, was a Soviet opportunity as well; at last the Russians found themselves in the spoiler's position about which they have fantasized since Henry Kissinger started shuttling around the Middle East.

The story of the Syrian success in Lebanon may be summarized this way: a movable object met an unstoppable force. Unstoppable, however, because those who could stop him would not. The criticism is increasingly heard that the major mistake of American policy toward Syria was that it used force when it should have used diplomacy. Mr. Kissinger's thirty-three trips to Damascus in 1974 are adduced as a model of how to deal with the Syrians. In fact, the opposite is true. The United States has not used force in Lebanon. Indeed, it has not used force in the most frustrating way of all—it put troops on the ground and forbade them to fire. Instead, the United States has used diplomacy. Secretary of State George Shultz and Special Envoy Donald Rumsfeld have kept a number of abject assignations in Damascus, which have profited the Gemayel government and the Reagan Administration precisely nothing. Quite the contrary. They seem to have had the effect only of convincing the Syrians that the Americans were not prepared to play by the same rules, that Syrian nastiness would be met only by American reasonableness. At one point the Marines cowering at the Beirut airport even complained that the Syrian-sponsored Druse were violating the Geneva conventions by using antiaircraft weapons against them. The scale of that misunderstanding of the Syrians and their methods is staggering.

To be sure, American military action on behalf of the Gemayel government—indeed, on behalf of the American

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military itself—might not have made the difference. The decomposition of Lebanon may be so advanced, the Lebanese identity so incoherent, that no external power can help. If Lebanon insists on mutilating itself, there really is nothing that anybody can do about it. Still, not all of this mutilation is self-imposed. The Syrian intrigue, at least, might have have been halted by an immediate indication that force would be met with force. After all, the Druse, who began the new Lebanese civil war with the support of Syria, are not exactly ancient allies of the Syrians, nor do they have anybody's interests at heart except their own. They sided with Syria to redress what they considered to be an imbalance of power within their society. They might have accepted a deal, but only after they were convinced that the Syrian connection was a liability, that they would be caught in the middle of somebody else's war. But they were convinced of the opposite. They saw that there would be no war with any power stronger than Syria, that Syria would be allowed to emerge as the important military and political power on the scene. Syria became their main chance, and they took it.

Syria's most recent act of mischief in Lebanon was its scuttling of the eight-point "peace plan" proposed by the Saudis and accepted by Amin Gemayel. (It is hard to think of a place that has mocked peace as regularly as Lebanon. Peace plans come and go, peace-keeping forces come and do not go; and there is always war.) It did not satisfy the Syrians that Mr. Gemayel had agreed to trash his treaty with Israel. The plan called for the eventual removal of Syrian troops too; but the Syrians have no intention of being removed. The stillbirth of this plan is proof, if proof was still needed, of the political impotence of the Saudis within the Arab world. They are not strong; they are merely rich. It is proof, too, of the other controlling principle of Syrian policy—its opposition to any peace with Israel. It is bad enough that the Syrians refuse to reconcile themselves to Israel. It is worse when they set out to prevent others from doing so.

The apparent reneging on the May agreement by the Gemayel government is evidence of that government's weakness, obviously. It is evidence, too, of the quality of its association with Israel. Mr. Gemayel will now bend Lebanon to Syrian designs simply in order to remain as president, but it probably won't work for him. It should be said that the Phalangist militia—the Lebanese Forces—understands more clearly than others that an end to the peace treaty with Israel will have dire consequences for the Christians and for any national conception of Lebanon and for the slim possibility of peace in the Middle East in general. Nevertheless, the Israelis will inevitably rethink their much-vaunted friendship for what has turned out to be a very unreliable Phalange; a review of its role in Lebanon since the summer of 1982 will show little except self-interest narrowly and cruelly pursued. Worst of all, however, the demise of the May 17 treaty will have repercussions within Israel that may exceed in importance most of what has happened in Lebanon. It breaks new ground in the rattling of the Jewish state. One of Israel's neighbors will have decided to break a peace treaty with Israel when most of Israel's neighbors refuse to make a peace treaty with Israel. There is probably nothing more frightening that could be done to it. It is the political equivalent of a deep psychic shock. Israel may be pardoned if it concludes that it will see to its security needs in the north on its own.

Finally, the United States has demonstrated again that it is irresolute in its thinking and its acting on crises in the Third World. "The United States is lucky that Lebanon is not that strategically important," a Lebanese analyst said mordantly to Thomas L. Friedman of *The New York Times*. "If it had made the same miscalculations in dealing with a strategically important ally like Saudi Arabia or Pakistan that it did here, the destruction to American interests would have been enormous." Small consolation. Our interests in Lebanon, however, extend further than Lebanon. The Syrian victory—the victory also of Khomeini and Qaddafi—will ravage our influence with Jordan and Egypt in the Gulf. The debacle in Lebanon has illustrated again our Secretary of Defense's curious relationship to defense and our President's curious relationship to reality. Mr. Weinberger wants the United States to be armed to the teeth but never to bite. Mr. Reagan still believes that things are going well; his comments to the press since the fighting of February 6 have been positively delusional. And now we learn that the Marines will evacuate their poor position in Beirut to the Druse and the Shiites who surround them. Not to fear, however; Mr. Friedman reports that they have established "a good working rapport" with the forces that have been trying to destroy them. These may be some of the most demoralized soldiers in the history of the American military.

Impurities From Heaven

Who'll stop the acid rain? Not Ronald Reagan. For three years the northeastern United States and Canada have been pressing Mr. Reagan to take action against the unnatural precipitation that has wiped out aquatic life in 212 of upstate New York's lakes and in 1,400 of eastern Canada's; for three years he has ignored them. And don't be fooled by the acid rain program Mr. Reagan outlined recently in his State of the Union address. It is a belated attempt to touch up his anti-environment image, not a serious plan to control pollution.

The President proposes to spend $55 million for more research on acid rain and $50 million on an experimental program of neutralizing acidified lakes. But two recent studies by the National Academy of Sciences have shown that scientists are already reasonably certain that acid rain in the Northeast is the windblown consequence of sulfur dioxide emissions from coal-burning midwestern power plants. And the plan to resurrect dead lakes won't help the

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thousands of lakes that will be damaged while pollutants continue to pour from smokestacks in Ohio and Indiana.

The best way to control acid rain is to cut the emissions that cause it. William Ruckelshaus, the administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, spent months trying to persuade the President to do just that; his latest proposal would have reduced sulfur dioxide emissions by 3.4 million tons (less than a third as much as most environmentalists and northeasterners want) at a cost of between $1.5 billion and $2.5 billion. But Mr. Reagan listened instead to the advice of David Stockman, who argued that even a modest program of emission reductions would cost midwestern industry too much money. (Mr. Stockman once estimated that emission controls would cost $6,000 for every fish they saved—forgetting, perhaps, that when bass and trout aren't poisoned they reproduce.)

Mr. Stockman's argument echoes the complaints of midwestern Congressional opponents of acid rain controls, who contend that it's unfair to expect their constituents to pay for a cleanup. Thanks largely to the efforts of House Energy and Commerce Committee Chairman John Dingell of Michigan, this group has managed so far to prevent acid rain legislation from reaching the floor of either House. Although the $6,000 fish is as much of a fantasy as the Six Million Dollar Man, Mr. Stockman and the midwesterners do have a point: if midwestern utilities are required to buy pollution control equipment, then electricity bills could rise; if they have to switch to cleaner fuels, some coal miners may lose their jobs. But the Northeast faces substantial economic losses of its own if acid rain continues unchecked. Barren lakes mean ruin for tourism and sportfishing; soil damage associated with acid rain threatens to destroy its forests and farmlands.

What's needed is a compromise that equitably distributes the costs of controlling acid rain among the contending regions. That is the approach embodied in a House bill sponsored by Democrats Henry Waxman and Gerald Sikorski, which would reduce sulfur dioxide emissions by ten million tons per year over the next decade. The bill would achieve most of this reduction by requiring the Midwest's dirtiest utilities to install coal scrubbers (which would permit power plants to continue burning high-sulfur coal, thus saving jobs for miners in Ohio and Illinois). And 90 percent of the $14 billion cost will come from a trust fund financed by a small tax on utility customers nationwide. This subsidy prevents "rate shock" in the Midwest; by 1995 the average residential utility bill in Ohio, the state that would pay the most under the Waxman-Sikorski plan, would go up by only $3 per month.

The Waxman-Sikorski bill has gained some support in Congress since the President announced his own half-hearted plan, but few members are seriously interested in acting on the proposal during this election year. Mr. Reagan's refusal to take a leadership role on the issue has eliminated much of the pressure for a compromise that opponents of acid rain legislation might have felt. America's environment will pay for Mr. Reagan's dithering, and so should he—at the polls.

NOTEBOOK

□ BECAUSE OF an editing mistake in condensing a paragraph for space reasons, a sentence in Sidney Blumenthal's "A Man of the Party" (TNR, March 5) suggested that the term "acid, amnesty, and abortion" summarizes the critique of George McGovern's 1972 campaign by "neoconservatives" in the Democratic Party. In fact, the term was coined by Spiro T. Agnew, Richard Nixon's Republican Vice President. TNR regrets the error.

□ FORTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The Negro soldier is deeply patriotic, vividly conscious of our aims in this war, eager to get into the fighting areas. That seems an ideal attitude for a soldier to have, but the truth is that the morale of the colored men in our armed forces is far from ideal. They have fought bravely in every war, from the Revolution on, but still they are not treated like Americans. The very set-up in our various services proves that a race that has been three centuries on our soil is still considered Negro, rather than American." ("Jim Crow in the Army," by Lucille B. Milner, March 13, 1944.)

At last, somebody voted.

EXPECTATIONS

Des Moines

BY THE afternoon of February 20, hours before the voters would make their decisions, an "expectations" market sprang up at the bar of the Savery Hotel, where for weeks the national press corps had been assembled. What was Mondale's magic percentage, above which he would be deemed to have done "better than expected"? Forty? Forty-five? Do I hear fifty? As the reporters noisily hammered out the conventional wisdom over drinks, the Savery bar began to resemble the commodities trading pit in Chicago.

At the same time that the press was consumed in its bookmaking frenzy, Ronald Reagan was across town at WHO, the radio station where he had once been a sportscaster. He regaled listeners with nostalgic reminiscences, which did not include reminding Iowans that when he left for Hollywood he was a left-wing New Dealer. His motorcade then took him to the Veterans Auditorium, where he told a Republican throng how delighted he was to be out in the "real world" again, away from the "twilight zone" of Washington. The President was reestablishing his credentials as an outsider who is against government, not responsible for it. His presence was the final signal that

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the Democrats' "phony war" was about to end. Now there would be casualties.

In the "expectations" market, sometimes the expected occurs. Walter Mondale aroused support but not fervor. On the night of February 16, his precinct workers rallied at the Hyatt Hotel as the band played "Happy Days Are Here Again." Enter Mondale, face rosy, beaming, slowly pushing himself through the crowd. He has the vibrant exhaustion of one who has spent too many nights in Holiday Inns. His speech is half battle cry and half dirge. He ends with a reference to past authority. "I had the best teacher of all—Hubert Humphrey." The band strikes up "Happy Days" once more, and he's gone to his hotel.

MONDALE HAS been criticized by almost all his opponents for being too cautious. But there has been nothing cautious about his heavy reliance on the strength of organized labor to manufacture the nomination for him. Labor's political resources are vast and are crucial in caucuses; but labor may impose a burden on Mondale. In public opinion polls, union chiefs rank in esteem only above crooked politicans. Yet the same polls show that most people think working men and women have too little influence. Mondale was discovering that navigating these rapids is tricky. He sputtered for days after being asked during the big Iowa debate about recent issues on which he had deviated from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. line.

Mondale's TV image doesn't always mesh with his political appeal. In one ad broadcast here the candidate, in togs on the tennis court, serves the ball to an unseen aide. Apparently the aide calls the serve out, for Mondale says with a laugh, "That was in, and you're fired." Aside from the fact that a man perceived as weak shouldn't be depicting himself playing tennis (which four-wheel-drive types see as a quiche-eaters' game), the message to his strongest supporters isn't reassuring. Unionists are his most intense backers because they fear, among other things, losing their jobs. You're fired?

If Mondale is forced to wage a grueling struggle for the nomination, labor's presence could cast a shadow on him. Reagan was in town to interpret Mondale's victory in exactly this light. The Democrats, he declared, "can't see you unless you belong to a special interest group." In a sense, the first caucus was also a mock general election, and every time Reagan attacked "special interest groups" he got automatic applause.

John Glenn's use of the same theme, on the other hand, has evoked massive indifference. On February 19, he appeared at what was billed as his big rally, at Capital Square, a vast and as yet unoccupied downtown shopping mall. In this bleak Alphaville of the prairie, a ragtag crowd of about a hundred followers turned up, supplemented by a like number of reporters. That day a *Des Moines Register* poll had showed Glenn running fourth. Although it was based on a ridiculously unscientific sample, it added to the aura of disintegration around the candidate. He stood before a gigantic American flag and said, in his inimitably fractured syntax, "People like to concentrate on the polls, and the *Register* said this, and I guess I was surprised by the poll, but I don't take too much stock in that, and we can keep it going."

Glenn's campaign had targeted precisely the voters least likely to attend a Democratic caucus. His negative advertising diminished his stature; he was the incredible shrinking candidate. Reagan's appearance may have shrunk Glenn further. The most intently anti-Reagan voters are the most intently pro-Mondale. Reagan on the scene spurred them to send him a message. But Glenn's own inherent weakness also added to Mondale's hefty margin. Reagan, the artificial hero, has proved nimbler than Glenn, the authentic hero. Glenn's heroism had turned out to be all too real; it gave him a closed, completed image, which nullified his attempt to portray himself as a political leader. And Glenn's "Sensible Center" inspired no sensibility at all.

It was Glenn's demise that doomed Alan Cranston, who walked around most of the week with some sort of Man Tan slathered over his head, giving it an orange glow. In one incredible television ad, he described himself as "not charismatic—and bald." Cranston's strategy was predicated on the idea that Glenn would beat Mondale in the early primaries, causing a panic among liberals, who would then have to turn to him. He would battle Glenn in primary after primary until they reached California, where the home-state advantage would give him final victory. Cranston's plan was intelligently conceived; only his fundamental premise was wrong. He put all of his resources into Iowa, where he came in a weak fifth. Only one part of his strategy worked. He beat Glenn.

THE "EXPECTATIONS" market depends upon having losers. But it also needs "surprises," who because they are unexpected must be considered winners, at least temporarily. Unlike the other losers, they are still standing after the reaper has struck. George McGovern, a "surprise" third, campaigned mainly in the Savery Hotel, where he had a suite. Several times daily, he passed through the reporter-clotted lobby, where he would be accosted for interviews. His campaign headquarters a few miles away was a miniature museum. It had the ramshackle charm of bygone days—peace posters, scattered mounds of leaflets, and many dirty coffee mugs. The candidate's earnestness cloaked a canny stratagem. By defending Mondale and urging that your conscience be your guide, McGovern made a vote for him into a gentle request for Mondale to move left.

The biggest "surprise" was Gary Hart, who in 1972 had managed McGovern's Presidential campaign. (It is surely the dream of every campaign manager to run himself and beat his own candidate.) On February 18, a day of cold rain, Hart had the foresight to stage an indoor media event—and almost everybody came. The press pack scrunched into a shelter for the homeless *cum* soup kitchen called Kindred House, where the candidate served up a

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plan for the federal deficit to put some flesh on the bones of his "new ideas" theme.

As recently as December 1983, the Hart campaign in Iowa was almost homeless itself. The candidate's name recognition was nearly nil, his state organization was moribund, and his handlers debated pulling him out of Iowa altogether. In the end, although Hart was outspent here by Mondale, Glenn, and Cranston, he scraped together enough money in the final week of the race for a big media buy. Eighty thousand dollars was invested in television and $12,000 in radio, the latter targeted to rural areas. The media message was fully consistent with the theme the candidate espouses on the stump, the theme of a new generation entering national politics—which has an anti-establishment undercurrent. From near the vanishing point, Hart wound up in second place. I have seen the future, and it gets 16.45 percent of the vote.

HART DID NOT capture the majority of the new generation. Mondale did. But the front-runner's strength drops precipitously with younger voting cohorts, even though younger voters are more liberal. According to the *Los Angeles Times* exit poll, Mondale is supported by 67 percent of those 65 years of age and older; 54 percent of those 45 to 64; 40 percent of those 30 to 44; and just 28 percent of those 18 to 29. The generational gap inside the Democratic Party is larger than the gender gap between the parties.

Mondale, for his part, is continuing his seemingly triumphal procession to the nomination by consolidating what he sees as a grand coalition of Democratic constituencies. He has made special appeals to each group, as any good politician would. Yet the day after Hart appeared as his principal opponent, his pollster Peter Hart told me that the Mondale campaign will make no targeted appeal at all to the youthful base and will not directly compete for the Hart voters. "We'll do the opposite," said Peter Hart. "You win where you need to win. That's not where we're headed." He believes that when Mondale clinches the nomination, the independent-minded new generation will naturally join the grand coalition against Reagan.

For that to happen, Mondale must first secure the nomination, which isn't yet an accomplished fact. The longer the process lasts, the more likely it is that he may be seen as the public affairs director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The harrumphing against Hart the day after the Iowa caucus by a number of union presidents may actually help him. Within the Democratic electorate in 1984, the new generation, partly because of its historic low incidence of voting participation, is almost certainly insufficient by itself as a base from which to win a Presidential nomination. However, it may be enough to sustain a credible Hart candidacy, perhaps even until the convention.

Meanwhile, the trading pit moves to the bar of the Sheraton Wayfarer Hotel in Manchester, New Hampshire.

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Walter doesn't falter.

GENTEEL JUGGERNAUT

Des Moines

DURING THE SECOND and third weeks of February, thirty thousand of Iowa's one hundred eighty thousand registered Democrats received a printed invitation in the mail. It opened with the words: "Joan and Fritz Mondale respectfully request your participation on their behalf in one of the most important events of their lives, the Iowa Democratic precinct caucuses," and contained a reminder of where the voter's caucus would gather on February 20. Each invitee had already been identified by phone as favoring Walter Mondale's candidacy for President. The mailing represented just one of many phases of the meticulous and exhaustive organizational effort that gave Mondale 49 percent of the Iowa caucus vote and nearly a three-to-one triumph over his nearest competitor, Senator Gary Hart.

Most of the same techniques are being applied in New Hampshire in advance of its primary election on February 28—the phone calls, up to fifty thousand printed invitations, and handwritten letters from Mondale's volunteers—so there is no reason to think that Mondale will not win there, too. And because Mondale is organized in all the upcoming primary and caucus states—and because Hart is not—there is little reason to think that Mondale will not lock up the Democratic nomination early. For the sake of Democratic hopes of beating an aggressively campaigning President Reagan, the earlier Mondale can secure the nomination, the better.

But the Democratic race is not over yet. Hart, too, is well organized in New Hampshire. In that flinty, suspicious state it counts a lot who is with you early on, and Hart got two of the state's best-known and most-respected Democratic activists, Jeanne Shaheen, a former backer of Jimmy Carter; and Sue Casey, a key 1980 supporter of Senator Edward Kennedy. Hart has campaigned extensively in New Hampshire—thirty-five days in 1983 and a scheduled twenty-five more by primary day—and has attracted a cadre of committed young professionals around his themes of "new ideas" for "a new generation." Hart has performed effectively in recent TV debates, and his second-place finish in Iowa, along with the media attention that it brings, should swell his support in the state well beyond the 10 percent range currently recorded in most polls.

The same polls, including those of *The Boston Globe* and ABC News, put Mondale just below 40 percent, with John Glenn just below 20 percent. But Glenn's disaster in Iowa—fifth place, 4 percent—has probably knocked the bottom out of his campaign. Glenn does have money, media, and far more of an organization in New Hampshire than he had in Iowa. New Hampshire is a more conserva-

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tive state, and Glenn apparently intends to step up his already strident attacks on Mondale's alleged overpromising to "special interests" and his allegiance to "union bosses" (whose support, of course, Glenn also sought). Glenn almost can't fail to do better in New Hampshire than he did in Iowa, but the result of the caucuses is bound to demoralize his supporters and render his campaign a little ridiculous.

A MAJOR question raised by the Iowa results is where the moderate-to-conservative supporters of Glenn will go—not only in New Hampshire, but around the country. They are most unlikely to go either to Senator Ernest Hollings or to Reubin Askew, both of whom continue to register as near-ciphers in the polls. If both Mondale and Glenn handle things right, they could go to Mondale and help him cinch the nomination in a hurry.

In New Hampshire, an even more important question is whether the liberal vote will coalesce around Hart or remain divided among four different candidates—Hart; George McGovern, who finished third in Iowa, with 10 percent; Alan Cranston, who came in fourth with 7 percent; and Jesse Jackson, who didn't campaign in Iowa and came in tied with Askew for sixth. Hart began a leftward lunge last year, when it appeared that Cranston was threatening his candidacy with extinction. Suddenly Hart, who initially had been cautious about the nuclear freeze, claimed to have originated the idea. Later he did originate a move to pull all U.S. troops out of Honduras and prevent their deployment in Lebanon. Now he is seeking to capture the liberal mantle with the demagogic suggestion that if other Democratic candidates—he means Mondale, particularly—had opposed the Lebanon operation from the first, nearly three hundred Marines might still be alive.

McGovern, who had no organization in Iowa, has none in New Hampshire either, and is relying on nostalgia and his status as an elder statesman to sustain him. He has served notice in interviews, though, that he intends to strike back at Hart's attempts to blacken Mondale, and that he is not about to stand aside for his former campaign manager. Cranston and Jackson also are not cooperating with Hart's attempt to make himself into the leading alternative candidate to Mondale.

Mondale made a move to strengthen his position with liberals in New Hampshire even before the Iowa caucuses, and after his Iowa victory he seemed to be trying to deal with his reputed "passion gap." It didn't get much national attention, but on Saturday, February 18, Mondale held a press conference at Logan Airport in Boston, where he was endorsed by former SALT negotiator Paul Warnke and several leaders of the nuclear freeze movement. He also made a number of new nuclear proposals which were favorably received by Dr. Randall Forsberg, a national leader of the freeze who attended the press conference but said she was not yet ready to endorse a candidate. One of the reasons why it would be salutary for Mondale to clinch the nomination early is that it would relieve the pressure on him to make new concessions toward the left that will render him vulnerable to President Reagan and reduce his negotiating leverage with the Soviet Union if he ever becomes President.

At the press conference, for example, Mondale emphasized that he favors mutual and verifiable agreements with the Soviets and is offering to impose six-month moratoriums on testing and deployment of various weapons (new ballistic missile systems, anti-satellite systems, sea-launched cruise missiles) only "contingent on similar Soviet restraint." Yet Mondale reiterated that he would abandon the MX missile unilaterally, and said he would defer deployment of Pershing II missiles in Europe if the Soviets merely "show any interest in seriously negotiating" about deep cuts in their SS-20 force. At the press conference, Mondale also called not just for redeploying U.S. Marines in Lebanon onto ships in the Mediterranean, but for bringing them all the way back to the United States.

RETURNING TO New Hampshire after his Iowa victory, Mondale opened a new line of attack on President Reagan's reputed inattention to work and "leadership by amnesia" which was lustily received by crowds and also served to emphasize Mondale's superiority in government experience over other Democratic candidates. Rather than mounting any last-minute offensives against any particular rival candidate, Mondale aides said they would stick to their game plan in New Hampshire, as in Iowa, relying on more than a year's worth of hard organizing. Mondale's New Hampshire campaign manager, 28-year-old Charles Campion, has been in the state since December 15, 1982, and heads an organization of thirty-one paid staff members in nine field offices, plus a volunteer corps of hundreds swelling to thousands on weekends. Mondale spent twenty-seven days in the state in 1983 and his wife spent twenty-five. Like Hart, Mondale early on attracted well-known party activists to his cause, including Cathy Rogers, who was Jimmy Carter's first major supporter in the state in 1976 and now is Campion's deputy. He also won endorsements from several officeholders and former officeholders, including former U.S. Senator Thomas McIntyre and two leading 1984 candidates for governor.

By last January, the Mondale organization had assembled lists of Democratic voters in every town of three hundred persons or more, and had set up phone banks to begin calling them—ninety-three thousand households in all. Most New Hampshire Democrats have been called, or called on, several times by now. They're asked four questions: Who are you for? Do you intend to vote? What do you think of Mondale? What issue concerns you most? As in many campaigns, they are rated on a scale of one to five. A "one"—an avowed Mondale supporter—will receive a computer-produced "personalized form letter" of thanks from Mondale; a visit from a volunteer and a handwritten note from the volunteer; and one of Fritz and Joan's printed invitations to participate in the primary. "Twos"—those leaning to Mondale—receive a visit, a handwritten note from the visiting volunteer, and another personal

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note from a Mondale supporter in Minnesota, perhaps even Mrs. Alfred I. Johnson of Benson, Minnesota, the 75-year-old mother of Mondale's campaign manager, James Johnson. "Threes"—neutrals—get a visit and a note from the visitor. Those designated "fours" are supporting another candidate, and "fives" are voters who refuse to say whom they support.

Hart also has waged a highly personalized and energetic campaign, but he lacks other Mondale advantages—especially the support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the National Education Association, whose local affiliates lease office space, telephones, and typewriters to the Mondale campaign, furnish volunteers, and have engaged in massive get-out-the-vote drives among their members. Mondale organizers credit Hart's New Hampshire organization with the ability to deliver his supporters to the polls, but they doubted—at least before Iowa—that Hart had stirred up much excitement among large numbers of voters. Mondale polls showed Hart at 8 or 9 percent in New Hampshire, with Mondale in the mid-30s.

Even if Hart should perform impressively in New Hampshire—finishing, say, just behind Mondale—he seems to lack the organizational base required to sustain the momentum in later caucus and primary states, especially in the South. Hart has run a two-state campaign up to now—as compared with Mondale and Glenn's national efforts—and he is deeply in debt. He has filed candidate slates in only 60 percent of the "Super Tuesday" primaries on March 13, and in less than half the Congressional districts in the Illinois primary on March 20. Mondale has filed delegate slates everywhere.

THE MONDALE organization—a "juggernaut," it's called, but its buttoned-down personalities make it a genteel one, very un-Nixonian—is now mounting a delegate-tracking operation to prepare for the Democratic National Convention. With 164 delegates from the House of Representatives already in hand, the Mondale organization, under the immediate supervision of Tom Donilon, a 27-year-old veteran of the 1980 Carter campaign, has constructed its tracking system on five levels. One is a data system based on thirty-one pieces of information to be obtained from all delegates through questionnaires, regardless of which candidate they are pledged to. A second level involves the care and feeding of Mondale's own delegates, including telephone contacts with each one every ten to fourteen days from a Mondale staff member. A third set of arrangements will be made to win over state chairs and other high-level delegates who remain publicly uncommitted. A fourth level will involve trying to woo delegates committed to other candidates, especially those who drop out as the race progresses. The final level of tracking is designed to monitor states such as Iowa, where delegate selection takes place in stages, from the precinct level through county, Congressional district, and state conventions. Mondale won 49 percent of the raw precinct vote on February 20, but because of the intricacies of the Iowa delegate system, he could end up with more than fifty of Iowa's fifty-eight delegates.

Historically, New Hampshire has been the graveyard of front-runners and of conventional political wisdom, but in hindsight it was usually the crucible where inherent weaknesses in the front-runners' candidacies caused them to crack. Lyndon Johnson was President in 1968 and was theoretically invulnerable, but he was running an unpopular war in a dishonest way, and he got caught in New Hampshire. Edmund Muskie was the favorite of the party establishment, but he had limited popular appeal and organizational depth.

It could be that the Mondale campaign has similar structural flaws that will lead to disaster in New Hampshire. Mondale will be hammered by John Glenn as being too weak on defense, too close to special interests, and too inclined to make promises that cost money. Gary Hart will hit him for being out of date and for being slow to run away from difficult foreign responsibilities. My guess is that he won't break apart under that stress, though, because for better or worse Walter Mondale represents what the Democratic Party is all about now. It is a coalition of interest groups involved in protecting and advancing the interests of the members of those groups, who number close to a majority of the American population. If Mondale wins handily in New Hampshire, the 1984 Democratic race will probably be over, and should be. President Reagan has shown in his early campaign attacks on the Democrats that he knows full well where their weaknesses are. The Democrats ought not supply him with any more videotape of internecine combat than they already have.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Reagan bows to the Salvadoran right.

APPEASE PLAN

ON FEBRUARY 1, President Reagan proposed a five-fold increase in the military aid the United States gives to El Salvador. He did so in the midst of growing unease in this country about the deepening war in that one. The National Bipartisan Commission on Central America, chaired by Henry A. Kissinger, had just warned of disaster unless the Salvadoran government "effectively curbs the actions of the death squads—unless it provides basic security for teachers, editors and writers, labor and religious leaders." The Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, Elliott Abrams, had written on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* that the aim of American policy was to bolster "the democratic center" against "the violent left and right." Congress, too, was scrambling for the moderate high ground, and continues to do so. As it has since 1981, Congress will almost certainly approve, in

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some form, the President's request for military aid. Congress will also attach a provision aimed at improving the Salvadoran government's respect for human rights. In 1982 and 1983 Congress required the President to "certify" that human rights conditions had improved. It is now likely that Congress will heed Abrams's call for "careful discussions" and agree to something milder.

Thus the U.S. policy, as proposed by Reagan and slightly modifed by Congress, will continue to be one of verbal exhortation, usually in the form of "quiet diplomacy" but now sometimes even in public—while the flow of military aid grows vastly swifter. The results of this policy over the last three years have not been encouraging. The leftist insurgency has gained, not lost, ground. The widespread killing of civilians by government and government-connected forces continues at a rate of two or three hundred a month, month in and month out, in a country of five million people. And there is no getting around the fact that a U.S. ultimatum to the Salvadoran government to purge itself of the leaders of the death squads has simply been defied.

The Administration has been unable to do anything about this defiance, because it is afraid to take any action that might have the effect of helping the guerrillas either win the war or enter into negotiations to end the war. This fear is the irreducible core of its policy. The inevitable result is that American policy is held hostage to the most violent right-wing faction in the Salvadoran government, led by Roberto d'Aubuisson, the cashiered former army major who is now president of the Constituent Assembly and a candidate for president in the upcoming elections.

WHAT CAN be done? The answer to the problem of the security forces' "intolerable violence against the civilian population," according to the Kissinger Commission, is "adequate military aid." Give them more and they'll behave. But there is no reason to expect such a result. In the past, military aid to El Salvador has not been successful in restraining military violence in El Salvador. In practice, the policy nominally devoted to encouraging "moderates" betrays the "moderation" it was supposed to encourage and encourages the extremism it was supposed to deter. The policy self-destructs because it is based on the fallacy that the growth of a "democratic center" can be guaranteed by the appeasement of the murderous right.

Appeasement, of course, is a word with which supporters of Reagan's foreign policy are familiar. The most vocal of them have not hesitated to apply it to their ideological opponents—with the implication, derived from the experience of Munich in 1938, that their policies will invite totalitarian aggression and war. Yet "appeasement" in its original and less inflammatory meaning refers to a morally neutral tool of statecraft. It means making peace by satisfying the ambitions of an aggrieved party without sacrificing one's own essential interests. Israel's decision to trade the Sinai for peace with Egypt in 1979 is an admirable model of intelligent appeasement. It is in this spirit—not craven surrender—that the Administration (and Congress) hope to appease the Salvadoran right. But one cannot appease the unappeasable. This was the mistake at Munich. It is also the mistake in El Salvador, where the interests of the United States and of the Salvadoran right are in fundamental conflict.

The soothing of the Salvadoran right began when Reagan took office. Six months before Reagan's election, d'Aubuisson was an outlaw in El Salvador. Colonel Adolfo Majano, a well-known moderate, had him arrested in May 1980 for allegedly plotting a coup; the United States strongly supported Majano in this. A year later—after Reagan had been in office for a few months—Majano was himself arrested by more conservative colleagues. Reagan acquiesced in the exiling of Majano and the purging of other moderates. The new team at the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador then permitted d'Aubuisson, who is regarded even by members of the Salvadoran government as the leader of the country's death squads (see "The Truth Behind the Death Squads," by Christopher Dickey, TNR, December 26, 1983), to enter into electoral politics. The idea was to give d'Aubuisson a stake in the system, and therefore incentive to play by the rules.

The appeasement strategy continued in Reagan's El Salvador legislation. Members of Congress such as Stephen Solarz, Bob Edgar, and Gerry Studds argued in 1981 that the Salvadoran military would curb human rights abuses only if faced with reductions in aid. The Salvadoran military denounced any such linkage. (In fact, El Salvador had unilaterally rejected U.S. military aid in 1977, after President Carter had proclaimed that human rights abusers would no longer be eligible for it.) In Reagan's first proposal for military aid to El Salvador, he specified that no human rights conditions be attached to U.S. military aid, effectively satisfying the key demand of the Salvadoran right. But even though Reagan mounted a personal lobbying blitz to head off conditions, Congress voted in September 1981 to require the President to make a semi-annual human rights certification before sending aid.

NONETHELESS, the Administration gave every sign of trying to reassure the Salvadoran right that the United States would not allow the certification requirement to lead to any reduction in aid. In reporting to Congress, the Administration professed to be stumped by the question of who ran the death squads. In his January 1982 certification report, Reagan stated that the "apparent loose organization of the death squads . . . coupled with the apparent complicity of some individual members of the security forces makes identification of possible perpetrators very difficult." In February 1983, when the State Department issued its human rights report for 1982, Administration officials were still chewing their pencils. "Attribution is difficult," said the section on El Salvador. "Many victims could have been the targets of either the right or the left." As late as December 1983 Reagan himself was still musing that the death squads killings were actual-

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ly the work of the guerrillas, a theory shared only by the Salvadoran extreme right.

The President argued repeatedly that his policy was working. He certified four times that a "concerted, significant, and good faith effort" was being made to reduce human rights violations. The State Department reported that the March 1982 elections had "checked the trend towards further political polarization and extremism." Soon thereafter, the land reform program was gutted by the Salvadoran Constituent Assembly as well as in the fields. (See "Betrayal in El Salvador," by Roy Prosterman, TNR, August 9, 1982.) The Salvadoran Christian Democrats reported that in a single month after the election, the military and paramilitary forces killed nine leaders of their party, six of its activists, and twenty-two of its peasant supporters. D'Aubuisson's allies worked their way into command positions in the military, and the Administration's preferred civilian politicians were completely powerless. Reagan had done his utmost to redress the right's grievances, but he was discovering that the right was insatiable.

IN SEPTEMBER 1983 the death squads tested the Administration's will. Three union leaders were kidnapped and killed, five more received death threats, and another had his truck bombed. In addition, three legislators who favor agrarian reform received death threats, and the number three official in the Foreign Ministry was kidnapped. He was denounced as a "traitor to the fatherland" and has not been seen since. He is presumed to have been killed. Outrage on Capitol Hill and fear among the Administration's allies in San Salvador finally pushed Reagan to act. In October and November, ranking State and Defense Department officials denounced the death squads for the first time. In December the "attribution" that was once "very difficult" was quickly and easily made: the Administration identified two dozen civilians and military officers as active participants in the death squads. Thus the Administration accepted what it had long denied, that the death squad leaders belonged to the right and had risen to powerful positions. On December 15 Vice President Bush was dispatched to San Salvador with an ultimatum: the killers must be thrown out of the country by January 10. If they were, Reagan promised that U.S. military aid would be vastly increased. If they weren't—well, the consequences weren't spelled out.

The ultimatum undermined the Administration's credibility in two ways. First, the fact that it was issued at all raised inescapable questions. Why did it take three years for the State Department to recognize that in a country that has been under intense and continuous American scrutiny and that is extremely dependent on the United States, more than twenty leading officials—including both of the country's top two intelligence officers—were killers? More tellingly, why was an ultimatum needed at all after three years of "significant progress"? The previous laments about the elusive identities of these right-wing extremists rang insincere in retrospect when it turned out the mystery men had been lined up at the water cooler all along.

The Salvadoran government's derisory response to the ultimatum undermined the Administration's credibility in another way—by showing that the ultimatum itself had been a bluff. It may well be that some Administration officials were sincere in stressing the ultimatum's seriousness. Similiarly, many supporters of the Administration's policy are sincerely baffled that U.S. pressures seem so ineffectual. But then, the unwise appeaser sincerely dislikes the aggressor's probes, sincerely objects to them, and then sincerely rationalizes or denies having given in to them.

THE ADMINISTRATION has chosen to assert that the ultimatum worked. "The press has recorded a series of actions by the Salvadoran government against the individuals thought to be involved," Abrams wrote in the *Times*. What the press has recorded is this: three of the more than twenty men named will reportedly be transferred overseas; there is no indication of when they will actually go. A fourth has been put under house arrest, on a charge of going to Guatemala without Army permission. That is all. Secretary of State Shultz, speaking in San Salvador on February 1, called this "considerable progress." Abrams, describing the results of the Administration's "heavy pressure," concluded, "The message has been very clear and has been getting through." Too true. The Salvadoran right now understands the precise consequences of "heavy pressure": $178 million more in proposed military aid in 1984 and $133 million in 1985.

The appeasement continues. The Administration has retreated from supporting José Napoleón Duarte, the former Salvadoran president, in the March 23 presidential election. Duarte, whom the United States openly favored in the 1982 election, is regarded by the d'Aubuisson faction and the right as a "watermelon": Christian Democratic green on the outside, Communist red on the inside. Duarte's election would enrage d'Aubuisson and possibly prompt a right-wing coup, the last thing that Reagan wants in the middle of what is, after all, an election year in the United States, too. So the Administration has abandoned Duarte. The U.S. Embassy now quietly supports a more conservative politician whom it hopes will win in the second round of voting, and to whom it hopes the forces of the right will not object.

An audacious and skillful aggressor, d'Aubuisson demands more. He attacks the Christian Democrats as "subversives" and criticizes the United States for "denigrating" the officers named in the death squad ultimatum, daring the Administration to abandon him and El Salvador. With the ante upped once more, the Administration policy may well be to give in again. Secretary of State Shultz was asked in San Salvador if the Reagan Administration would support d'Aubuisson if he won the election. "We believe in fair and open elections, and we believe that under those circumstances you accept the verdict, whatever it may be," he replied. The death squads

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are neither out of control nor under control. They are in control.

The alternative to continually placating the Salvadoran right's demands is to deliver on the threat implicit in the human rights conditions: reduce military aid. If this is not to be a cover for cutting and running, the United States will then have to move toward bringing together a new government. And this government will have to include representatives of the guerrilla forces, some of whom will be Marxist-Leninists. The conjectural risks of such a policy are great. But they are smaller than the actual risks of the present policy, which has produced a polarizing, escalating war that is relentlessly destroying El Salvador's democrats on behalf of forces more committed to their own privilege than to their country's survival (let alone than to U.S. interests). Robert Leiken points out in the Carnegie Endowment's excellent study, "Central America: Anatomy of a Conflict," that the Salvadoran left has a history of working with the center and of independence from the Soviet Union. The far right has demonstrated that it cannot be appeased; "power-sharing" with the left is not the ideal choice, but it is the only one—unless American soldiers are to be sent to fight and die in the hills of El Salvador.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

The moral equivalent of basket weaving.

PEACE OF MINDLESSNESS

BY EMILY YOFFE

THE National Peace Academy Campaign has a suite in a Capitol Hill office building which, like many Washington office buildings, houses the headquarters of organizations planning to remake the world. N.P.A.C.'s neighbors include the Population Action Council, the National Taxpayers Union, the Council for a Livable World, the American Library Association, and the Interreligious Task Force on Food Policy. N.P.A.C.'s goal is more modest than most. It devotes itself to lobbying Congress to create a U.S. Academy of Peace. To that end it has signed up about thirty-five thousand members, all of whom have been promised, according to N.P.A.C. literature, that their names will be "permanently inscribed" in the Academy's archives so that "future generations" know whom to "thank for the gift of life." Among those awaiting thanks are Ed Asner, Father Theodore Hesburgh, Dr. Henry ("Maneuver") Heimlich, and Paul Newman.

The desire of Academy supporters to find a new way to reduce the amount of misery in the world is, of course, thoroughly commendable. God knows the old ways haven't done the job. But the Peace Academy, as it is conceived, is a silly idea. At best, it will provide grants for social scientists to do research based on questionable premises and write reports recommending questionable practices. At worst, it will encourage the naive belief that making peace is a matter of attending the right vocational school.

The idea of a government agency with the word "peace" in its name has been kicking around Congress for decades. In 1945 Senator Jennings Randolph introduced the first of his many bills to establish a cabinet-level Department of Peace. The vague idea was that since we had a huge Department of War, as it was then still forthrightly called, we should be willing to spend at least a little for something devoted to making peace.

In the late 1970s, the old, vague idea of a peace agency was grafted onto new, vague methods of peacemaking. The methods supposedly combined the theories of a new academic endeavor, peace education (which attempts "scientifically" to quantify the causes of war and peace) with training in negotiation. The Peace Academy began to attract serious attention. In 1977 Congress first considered a bill to create a commission which would decide whether the United States needed a West Point of peace. In 1979 a nine-member commission was appointed, and in twelve months of hearings around the country, the commission heard nearly unanimous support for peace. The commission concluded that an academy was necessary "to protect against violent escalation of international conflict."

The commission said the academy would serve three purposes. It would develop programs for peace research, create a curriculum for peace education, and establish "information services which include centralized and outreach capacities." The commission's 386-page report claimed that ". . . the Academy is the most efficient and immediate catalyst to release the strong peace energies of the Nation." It offered broad, almost incomprehensible, defi-

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nitions of "peace learning" ("Peace learning has its roots squarely in the humanities and the arts, including religion, and scientific learning, both in methodology and technology, increasingly is applied to questions of peace"), and presented case histories to show how the academy could foster happy resolutions to sticky international problems.

The report went on to say that the ideal Peace Academy course "might see Foreign Service and Coast Guard officers join employees of Polaroid, General Motors, the Aspen Institute, the National Council of Churches, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the City of Detroit for a month-long program on negotiation, mediation, conciliation, and arbitration in international conflicts." Pretty vague. These students of peace would probably improve their chances of learning how to save lives if they also invited Dr. Heimlich to teach his maneuver.

NONETHELESS, the commission's proposal apparently convinced the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee to approve the Peace Academy legislation last July. Supporters are hoping for a floor vote on a $23.5 million appropriation before the end of this session.

The work of active peace researchers gives the best sense of what the academy would actually do. Probably the most well-known figure in the field is Kenneth Boulding, an economist at the University of Colorado, who, along with his wife Elise, head of the Sociology Department at Dartmouth and a former Peace Academy commission member, has been working in the peace research movement for almost thirty years. Peace research and peace studies didn't get much attention on college campuses until the Vietnam War. The military strategists, the social scientists, and the foreign policy experts, with their game theories, their mathematical models, their systems analyses, and their negotiation strategies, brought us Vietnam. That unpopular war galvanized a desire to find a way to replace such people and such methods.

In 1970 the Bouldings and other academics organized the Consortium on Peace Research, Education, and Development (COPRED). Today about eighty colleges affiliated with COPRED offer courses in peace studies; a few, such as Colgate University, confer degrees in the field. Yet peace researchers seem to have a hard time explaining just what it is they do. In his book *Stable Peace*, published in 1978, Boulding defines peace research as "an intellectual movement mainly within the social sciences, to apply the methods of science to problems of conflict, to war and peace." He assesses the field as "a lively but somewhat immature discipline. There is not a single, universally recognized, internally coherent body of theory." Perhaps it's premature to call an endeavor which is still waiting for coherence a "discipline." But peace researchers are hoping for that theoretical breakthrough, a sort of DNA of peace, that will establish their work as science.

This impulse is ironically familiar. What peace researchers seem to have found objectionable about the war in Vietnam was not the policymakers' attempt to apply "rational" systems to a country they did not understand, but the fact that they were applying the *wrong* theories, models, systems, and strategies. James Laue, director of the Center for Metropolitan Studies at the University of Missouri and a former member of the commission, says that what the Peace Academy would supply to the government "are well-tooled thinkers and trainers. So when we come to a situation in the future we can call up the best people in the field." In other words, the real best and the brightest.

At the core of the Peace Academy proposal is the mechanistic conviction that human behavior is governed by laws analogous to those that govern atoms. In *Stable Peace* Boulding describes the kind of research that we can expect to be pursued at a Peace Academy.

> What we are looking for is something like a phase theory. We perceive in the war-peace system at least two sets of structures. One is the alternation of peace and war, each of which represents a different phase of a relationship and alternative clusters or patterns of behavior. . . . We are looking for something that might be called a transitional probability function, with the probability of the transition from peace to war if the system is at peace, or from war to peace if the system is at war.

Boulding helpfully supplies several graphs of this model with war and peace appearing as circles, spirals, or wavy lines, depending on the variables used. It certainly is a novel approach, but one has to wonder how useful it is to describe Hitler as a logarithm or the Ayatollah as an asymptote.

At a Senate hearing on the Peace Academy, Laue proposed that the academy "maintain a computerized data bank of all existing treaties and the issues, conditions, time limits, historical background, and negotiation patterns relating to the treaties and the nations involved." It is assumed that there is some way of getting value-free information in order to make value-free—and therefore peace-enhancing—decisions. Boulding goes so far as to suggest the establishment of a United Nations Intelligence Organization that would "supplement and perhaps eventually supplant the vast apparatus of biased information collected and processed through spies, diplomats, state departments, and foreign offices." Sort of like UNESCO, only better.

THE PEACE research movement has not been a strictly American invention by any means. The Scandinavians in particular have probably done the most in the field. The Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI), founded by the Swedish parliament in 1966, has been influential. The institute's work, however, unlike the predominantly sociological studies conducted on American campuses, is best known for its well-respected yearly statistical reports on arms and arms transfers. Another school of peace research is exemplified by the work of Johan Galtung of the University of Oslo. Galtung is father of the concept of peace as the absence of "structural violence," not merely the absence of war. According to Boulding, Galtung defines structural violence as anything that shortens one's life expectancy to under seventy years.

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American researchers have been wary of embracing this definition.

The reason the Peace Academy proposal finally got off the ground in the United States was that it took a different tack. "The tradition in this country of arbitration and mediation became an important underpinning of the Peace Academy notion in the 1970s," according to Charles Chatfield, a member of COPRED and professor of history at Wittenberg University in Ohio. "We normalized alternatives to conflict."

Enter what the Peace Academy commission report called the "peacemaking scholar-consultants." No one fits the description better, according to the commission, than Roger Fisher, professor of law at Harvard. Fisher's thinking has been influential in the development of the Peace Academy proposal. In his 1981 bestseller, *Getting to Yes: Negotiating Agreement Without Giving In*, Fisher makes the case that if everyone were more skillful at what he calls "principled negotiation" there would be no need for war. But when Fisher writes about marital squabbles and World War II on the same page, he is not writing metaphorically. He believes that all disputes can be settled by the same methods. There is no recognition that the scale of a dispute might change its nature, and that for nations in conflict there is no international equivalent of divorce court.

COMMITTED TO both the science of peace and the art of negotiating, advocates of the Peace Academy conclude that making peace is simply a matter of technique. As Fisher says in the commission report, "In international affairs, most people most of the time focus their attention on substantive problems. Yet how international affairs are conducted is a problem of procedure, and procedure is likely to determine whether there can be a substantive outcome."

As an illustration of this theory, the report contains a case history of the kidnapping in 1979 of the then U.S. ambassador to Colombia, Diego Asencio. Asencio and fifty-six other people were taken hostage at the Dominican Republic's embassy in Bogota. After sixty-one days, all the captives were released, and the captors, part of a group known as the M-19 movement—which supports itself through kidnappings and bank robberies—were given $1.2 million (down from an original demand of $50 million) and safe passage to Cuba. Although an M-19 member was killed and a few bystanders were seriously wounded during the seizure, Asencio's narrative has a (presumably unintentional) comic tone. He relates how he helped his abductors win respectability: "I took the [M-19] commander aside and suggested [their] document had deficiencies as a negotiation piece. . . . He asked if I could do better. I said, 'Sure, negotiation is part of my business.' "

Asencio makes two major points about why his experience turned out so well. One is his skill at what he calls "cultural relativity: the ability to bridge different cultures, which presumably a Foreign Service Officer has, if he is a good one. I had full command of Spanish, knew Colombian history, politics, and psychology, and had some knowledge of their political platforms and of M-19." This is, of course, more a refutation of the need for a Peace Academy than an endorsement of its methods. The specific knowledge of a country necessary to be a good diplomat is the last thing that's going to be picked up in an arbitration seminar at the Peace Academy.

Asencio's other major point is more germane to the would-be Academy's methods. As Asencio says of his experience, "To my mind, a good negotiation is one in which everybody wins. If it's a zero-sum game, it's not a real negotiation; it's an imposed outcome. . . . The eventual solution . . . was considered an honorable solution by the guerrillas." The obvious question here is why guerrillas—the more accurate term in this case, terrorists, is apparently considered inflammatory by Academy advocates—should end up with their honor, $1.2 million and an all-expenses-paid (albeit one-way) trip to Havana.

Central to the thinking of peace researchers and mediators such as Fisher is that everyone has a right to be seated at the negotiating table and the right to come away happy. To believe this is to suspend judgment of right and wrong. And in practice the faith in negotiation at all costs actually makes peace less likely. It reduces the risks and raises the rewards of terrorism by suggesting that all terrorists can become equal partners in a negotiation, with the privilege of having their demands considered, if they only take hostages and make threats. Perhaps M-19 members can write their own best-seller: *Sixty-One Days To A Seven-Figure Income*. A belief in the need for international negotiation is not in itself a policy, as Academy advocates would have it. In a world run by conciliators, methodology takes precedence over morality.

PEACE EDUCATION literature, in short, teaches that it is folly to take seriously the reasons countries come into conflict. As Boulding writes in the commission report, "A 'fight' is a situation in which each party to a *perceived* [emphasis added] conflict over interests acts to reduce the welfare of the other. Fights almost always become negative sum and lead to a reduction of the welfare of both parties; the winner may lose less than the loser but both parties would have been better off if the fight could have been avoided." True enough. But Boulding does not take into account the many cases where conflict is real, not "perceived." He assumes that people involved in practically every war are sacrificing their lives only because they are blind to what is right, what is good: his "scientific" methods. This trivializes all politics.

No doubt politics too often leads to war. But even in a world where everyone had read *Getting to Yes*, and had taken a course at the Peace Academy, peace could still only be achieved through politics. To believe that "procedure" and "transitional probability functions" can substitute for political judgment is not to take peace seriously. Peace is too important to be left to the Peace Academy.

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In adversity, a new unionism is struggling to be born.

CAN LABOR LEAD?

BY BOB KUTTNER

THE MONDALE CAMPAIGN is an occasion for a fresh appraisal of the American labor movement, both as a political actor and as a social institution. For partisans of organized labor, the Mondale effort restores the New Deal coalition, with the labor movement as centerpiece. But for skeptics, Mondale's bond to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is the worst single thing about his campaign. How should a good liberal view the labor movement in the late 1980s? Is it a moribund and privileged interest group, tied to the industries of the 1930s and the policies of the 1960s, with a brand of class politics no longer meaningful even to its own members? Or is it the most dependable constituency for progressive politics and social justice?

The labor movement is, of course, both. It is at once a defensive rampart protecting past gains, resisting industrial mobility—*and* a radical movement for social change. It is a bastion of high-paid workers (who used to be celebrated as the blue-collar middle class) *and* an avenue for the underpaid to improve their condition. It is partly a depressing bureaucracy, and partly as democratic a mass movement as exists in America. Even though the labor movement is reeling from the recession and from industry's new determination to have a "union-free environment," a month of interviews and observations persuade me that labor is also very much alive at the grass roots; that it is adapting to the new economy often in surprisingly creative ways; that without a resurgent labor movement, political choice and social possibility in America are reduced to Democratic investment bankers versus Republican ones; and that labor, with all of its blemishes, remains the most dependable ally of liberal ideals.

Undeniably, the labor movement has taken a terrible beating lately. Unions have been staggered by economic and demographic shifts, by the recession, by deregulation, by their own inertia and infighting, by management's new anti-union offensives, by a largely unsympathetic and even gloating press. The Reagan Administration's Department of Labor and its hostile appointees at the N.L.R.B. (See "The New Anti-Union Crusade," by Penn Kemble, September 19 & 26, 1983), though not the cause of labor's travails, could not have come at a worse moment.

Foreign competition, technological changes, and the 1980-83 recession all hit unionized industries hardest. Many of the most successful unions of the 1950s and 1960s—the Steelworkers, the U.A.W., the Machinists—found themselves locked into rapidly declining industries. Their very success in earlier bargaining for good wages made them seem overprivileged. Most recent job growth has occurred in low-wage sectors that labor had never worked hard to organize: retailing, services, clerical work, high technology. Industrial and craft unionism remained heavily male, while two-thirds of the job growth of the 1970s was female.

Deregulation has undermined union strongholds by shaking up oligopolies. The strike, as labor's basic economic weapon, has been severely blunted. Concession bargaining in industry after industry has eroded union wage levels; industry-wide master contracts, the emblem of labor solidarity, have been shattered. Once proud unions have made terrible deals for "two-tier" wage structures that grandfather existing workers but let companies hire new employees at inferior wages. "That kind of contract," laments Lane Kirkland, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., "goes against our most basic principle: that if you're doing the same work you should get the same pay." Worse, it adds to the image of unions as a selfish and shrinking elite, defending nobody but the already well-off.

For the long run, labor can protect itself against these assaults only by organizing more workers. Otherwise, shifts to new industries will continue to erode unionism as an institution. Otherwise, unionism will become the representative of a few high-paid workers rather than a broad force for social justice, and too few Americans will see their interests as served by the labor movement. Yet the organizing climate today is in many respects worse than at any time since the 1920s. That's the bad news.

The good news—if you believe that a healthy labor movement is good for both democracy and for the Democratic Party—is that in adversity, a new unionism seems struggling to be born. The new service-sector unions—the United Food and Commercial Workers, the Service Employees, the Communication Workers, the Hospital Workers—are making organizing a high priority. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. itself is putting more resources into organizing. Nationwide, about two thousand full-time organizers work in the labor movement; many of them bring a startling blend of idealism and competence. Labor's top leadership, though not exactly radical, is at least hospitable to new strategies and a new emphasis on organizing. Stay tuned.

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What happened to the labor movement during the past ten years can be read as the collapse of a particular social contract and the still incomplete search for a new one. By the late 1940s, after a decade of very nasty and sometimes violent industrial conflict, labor and industry had settled on a rough bargain. Labor would fight hard for a share of rising profits, but would stay out of questions involving company management. Unions would concentrate on winning more compensation for the pain of work, not on enriching the work experience. Work-place conflicts would be ritualized, via grievance and arbitration machinery. Union officials and shop stewards would be formal conflict managers rather than rough-and-tumble organizers. Radicals were purged from most unions, both by McCarthyism and by the increasing conservatism of the union movement itself. Unionism became more a service, less a popular movement. In return, industry tolerated labor as an institution and collective bargaining as a lesser evil. A generation of corporate managers, especially in big basic industries, decided that unions could be usefully lived with.

INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT was taken out of the shops and into the courts through the increasingly baroque machinery of labor law. Labor was stripped of certain powerful economic weapons, like the secondary boycott, which was taken away by the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act. Management, at least in unionized industries, temporarily foreswore the use of goons. Strikes became choreographed rituals of polite attrition. In practice, organized labor's turf was frozen approximately at the 1947 battle lines. Though some organizing continued, the old C.I.O. rallying cry, "organize the unorganized," was downplayed in favor of a model of business unionism that looked after the interests of the already organized through ever better contracts, and tried to serve the unrepresented mainly through social legislation and the minimum wage. As long as the larger American economy thrived, it was not a bad bargain.

That social contract began slowly unraveling with the decline of economic growth, the multinationalization of industry, and the shift to a service economy that began more than a decade ago. In this new climate, corporations that hadn't bought into the contract grew tougher about avoiding unions. Labor grew complacent. If one needed to assign a precise date to its final collapse, however, one could not do better than June 22, 1978, the day a motion to cut off a filibuster against the Labor Reform Act fell four votes short in the Democratic-controlled Senate.

The proposed act was a very mild measure intended to shore up the procedures and safeguards of the Wagner Act, so that bitterly anti-union companies could not break the law with impunity. The Wagner Act, passed in 1935, guarantees workers the right to organize a union of their own choosing by majority vote, free from management harassment. But by the late 1970s, the Wagner Act was a dead letter. Non-union companies had become increasingly bold in their use of sophisticated, often illegal tactics designed to keep unions out. Anti-labor consulting firms proliferated. Illegal union-busting is risk-free, since there are no real penalties for breaking the law.

If you view unionism as an idea that has outlived its usefulness, labor law reform is an obscure and parochial issue. But if you consider the right to organize as a civil right of industrial society, then labor law reform is a cause no less fundamental than the Voting Rights Act. In the 1978 battle over labor law reform, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. hoped to rally the corporate good citizenry against the corporate lawbreakers. But business ultimately rallied with a degree of class solidarity that labor could only envy. The influence of anti-union firms had grown so fast in trade associations that even leaders of the Business Roundtable—men on a first-name basis with Lane Kirkland, often with a record of cordial labor relations—fought the bill. Ultimately, not a single company broke ranks to defend peaceful collective bargaining.

The simplest way to break an organizing drive is to fire pro-union workers. Increasingly that is the norm. The N.L.R.B. seldom imposes a stiffer penalty than reinstatement with back pay or ordering an election rerun, and the cost of a few back pay claims is far cheaper than the cost of a union contract. Since the late 1950s, the number of wrongfully fired workers ordered reinstated by the N.L.R.B. increased *tenfold*, to over ten thousand a year. Today an average of one worker per organizing drive is wrongfully fired, which sends a clear signal to other workers of the risks of wearing a union button. (Imagine the uproar if an average of one black voter per southern municipal election lost his job for voting against the local elite.) Incredibly, according to a definitive article by Paul Weiler in the June 1983 *Harvard Law Review*, about one worker in twenty who signs a union card in an organizing drive is fired—"for exercising rights supposedly guaranteed by federal law a half-century ago."

SINCE 1959 the number of unfair labor charges brought by N.L.R.B. staff against management has risen from about four thousand a year to over seventy thousand a year. If a company is determined to break an organizing drive, it can keep appealing—from the administrative hearing to the full N.L.R.B., then to the federal courts. Major cases today drag on for three or four years. In effect, management has jammed the machinery of the Wagner Act. And all of this happened *before* the Reagan N.L.R.B. added its own monkey wrenches.

Professor Weiler, a Canadian now teaching at the Harvard Law School, observes that American unions must first circulate cards, then win an election, and then attempt to negotiate a first contract. These delays give management ample opportunities to fight back, often illegally. Even when a majority of workers have signed cards, the odds of ever winning a union contract are only about one in three. But Canadian unions, in most provinces, can win recognition as soon as a majority of workers sign cards; routine charges of unfair practices are resolved speedily by the Canadian labor board, with no opportunity for inter-

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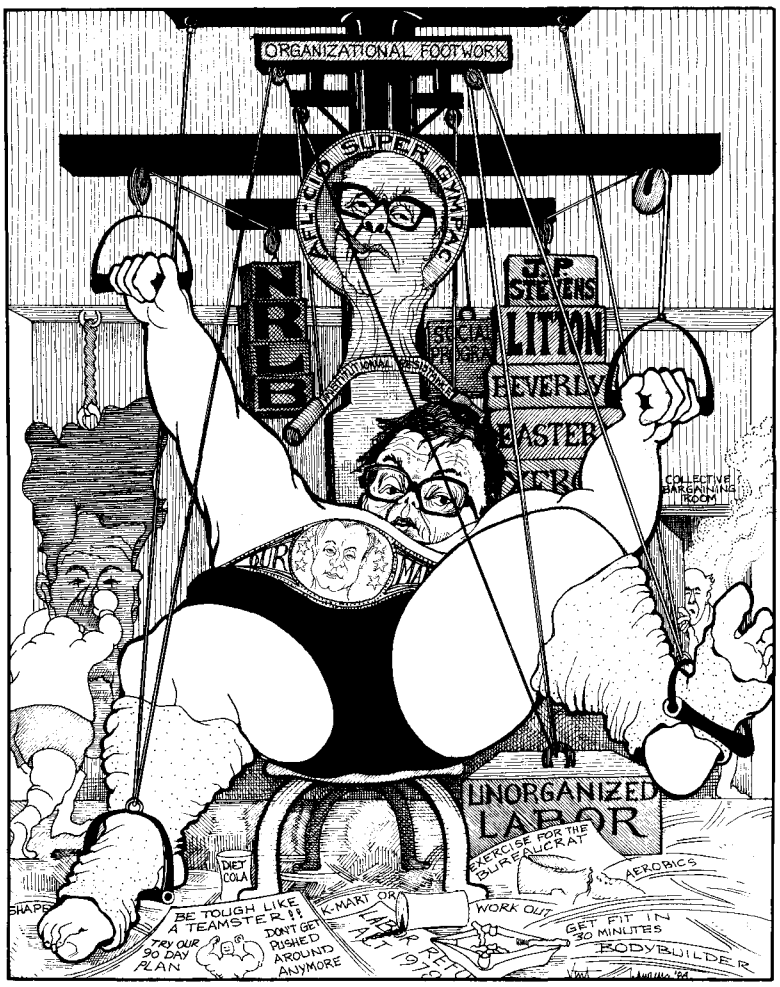
minable end runs to the courts. The result: far fewer violations of law, no pattern of firing workers for organizing, and a far more dynamic labor movement. Canadian unionism has continued to enlist new members, while U.S. unionism has steadily lost ground. In 1960, both movements represented about 30 percent of the work force. By 1980, Canada's unionism rate had grown to nearly 40 percent, while that of the United States had dropped below 20 percent.

A legal solution to the wreckage of the Wagner Act would be a Canadian-style system: automatic union recognition once a majority of workers sign cards. But since the A.F.L.-C.I.O. failed to get far less sweeping reforms through a heavily Democratic Congress in 1978, that prospect seems slender indeed. Instead, labor—simply to survive—is having to re-fight the economic battles that led many business leaders fifty years ago to conclude that legally sanctioned collective bargaining under the Wagner Act was preferable to open economic warfare. To restore its basic right to organize, labor has had to devise some of the most ingenious uses of economic power since the sit-down strikes of the 1930s. In effect it is renegotiating the Wagner Act, one company at a time. And business may yet come to regret its own reversion to class warfare.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The most famous of these recent cases was the long battle by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers union to organize J. P. Stevens. Though the N.L.R.B. eventually got injunctions against Stevens's illegal union-busting, what finally brought the company to the bargaining table in 1980 was the remarkable "corporate campaign" by the Amalgamated to divide Stevens from its financiers and its outside directors. In that campaign, the union and its corporate strategist, an organizer named Ray Rogers, successfully painted Stevens as a corporate outlaw. They researched Stevens's financing sources and the corporate affiliations of its directors, and found that its major financiers, Manufacturers Hanover, New York Life, and Metropolitan Life all do substantial business with union pension funds. Over a three-year period, as pressure intensified, Stevens's Wall Street allies one by one found the association more trouble than it was worth. As part of the 1980 settlement renouncing union-busting, the company insisted on what became known as the Ray Rogers clause, in which the union promised "not to engage in any 'corporate campaign'. . . ."

Rogers, who is now a kind of *corporation*-busting private consultant, remains too outspoken and unorthodox in his tactics for some unions to accept. But he is already something of a legend; and his invention, the corporate campaign, is being widely imitated. For example, during the past year twelve separate international unions successfully waged a joint campaign against Litton Industries, a fiercely anti-union conglomerate that Machinists' President William Winpisinger calls "America's number one labor law violator." Litton's illegal tactics to escape unionism have included cutting benefits to punish workers who have voted for a union, firing pro-union workers, organizing company unions, threatening plant closings, and in several cases the company has simply moved entire plants. Over a twenty-year period, the N.L.R.B. has lodged forty-four unfair labor practice complaints against Litton; it was found guilty in twenty-one cases, and conciliations achieved settlements in thirteen others, a record that exceeds even that of J. P. Stevens.

In 1982 an organizer for United Electrical Workers (U.E.) named Ron Carver invited several A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions—the U.A.W., the Machinists, the International Union of Electrical Workers, the Steelworkers—to join two independent unions, U.E. and the Teamsters, in an unprecedented corporate-wide joint campaign against Litton. They organized boycotts and stockholder actions. They lobbied Congress to bar chronic labor law violators from receiving government contracts; they put pressure on Litton's outside directors, and worked with church groups to lobby Litton shareholders. The unions successfully per-

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suaded the N.L.R.B.'s general counsel to treat all Litton subsidiaries as a single offender, a move that could lead to a J. P. Stevens-type company-wide injunction.

The campaign was rewarded last December. As unionists addressed the company's annual stockholders' meeting, with several hundred people picketing outside, Litton's Chairman, Fred O'Green, offered a surprise proposal to appoint an outside committee to recommend basic changes in Litton's style of labor relations, chaired by Paul Kayser, a corporate veteran with a good collective bargaining record.

"The problems at Litton are so outrageous that all it takes is a decent guy like Kayser who believes in *normal* labor relations," says the U.E.'s Carver, "to make a revolution." For the moment, the campaign against Litton is on hold pending progress in the talks. In the meantime, the Industrial Union Department of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has taken over coordination of the Litton Campaign, and has even taken on the U.E.'s Ron Carver to plan further corporate campaigns. "There is no formula for a corporate campaign," adds Carver. "Corporations are always vulnerable. You just have to find out where."

To hear Litton executives tell it, the unions are trying to win at the corporate level what they can no longer win on the shop floor. (That is a widespread general view of the decline of unionism—workers no longer want or need unions). But in fact, at plant after plant, a majority of Litton workers have requested union representation, and it's easy to see why. The problem is that the company won't play by the established rules of the labor relations system. So the unions, after great struggle, have reasserted what the N.L.R.B. no longer is capable of securing. They have custom-made a new Wagner Act, just for Litton.

THE NURSING home industry epitomizes the kind of new low-wage service industry that labor needs to organize to stay alive. Seventy percent of nursing homes are for-profit companies. Returns on equity are enormous. Their main source of revenue is public money—Medicaid reimbursements. Nursing home conditions are notorious, and one prime cause is the fact that most hands-on patient care is provided by undertrained, underpaid, and overworked orderlies and nurses' aides. Their cause—to win decent working conditions—resonates with the broader public interest in decent nursing care for the elderly.

Take, for example, Mary Brown, an aide at Beverly Enterprises' Hospitality Care Center in Albany, Georgia. Mary Brown's main problem is that she and one other aide must serve meals to 167 elderly patients, only about 30 of whom are well enough to eat in the dining room. "We have to keep straight the special diets—1,500 calorie diabetic, 1,200 calorie diabetic, 1,000 calorie diabetic, 40 gram protein, 2 gram sodium. . . ." At 6 A.M. she begins putting breakfast on the carts, adding utensils, salt, pepper, sugar, and coffee, or tea. "By the time you pass all those trays, the food is cold." Then she must clean up, wash dishes, and begin serving lunch. After five years her pay is up to $3.65 an hour. In nearby Macon, Feleta Jones's problem is trying to clean twenty-seven rooms each shift. "We don't have but ten minutes to clean a room. We have patients who urinate on the floor, who do B.M. in the bed. People's urine smells. You think it's your fault that the place isn't cleaner, but they just don't have enough staff. Sometimes they don't even have Pine Sol."

ROBERT VAN TUYLE has a problem, too. He is chairman of Beverly Enterprises, now the nation's largest nursing home operator, with 780 units and revenues of over a billion dollars a year. Van Tuyle is facing well-coordinated unionizing drives at scores of nursing homes. Mary Brown and Feleta Jones, in fact, are members of the Service Employees' local bargaining committees. Nationally, some fifteen union researchers for the Service Employees, U.F.C.W., and the Food and Allied Service Trades Department of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. have been in the field, gathering data on Beverly, exposing conditions, releasing reports, and challenging the chain on a number of fronts, from certificate-of-need hearings to Medicaid investigations, from industrial revenue bond applications to S.E.C. disclosures. Last year Van Tuyle's second-largest institutional stockholder, the Chase Manhattan Bank, voted its proxies for a union-sponsored proposal to require Beverly to create an outside review committee on patient care. Van Tuyle is reaping unwelcome publicity in the local press and on Wall Street, where he must finance his acquisitions.

And Robert Harbrant, president of the Food and Allied Service Trades Department, has a different sort of problem. He has filled an entire room with research files on Beverly, and he is running out of space.

The Beverly campaign signals a new sophistication in the labor movement—a new ability to forge multi-union alliances, to engage in strategic, corporation-wide organizing, and to identify points of alliance with a broader public interest. In the Beverly drive, the main theme is better patient care. The campaign was not even launched until the unions had spent over a year researching the corporation. What they found was an expanding pyramid with an insatiable appetite for capital. Beverly has grown from just sixty-nine homes with some eight thousand beds in 1976 to over eight hundred homes and ninety thousand beds this year. By buying up more and more Mom and Pop homes, using heavily leveraged capital and thereby showing a prodigious "growth rate," Beverly had become a very hot stock on Wall Street, and its executives who own large blocks of shares had become multimillionaires. The research suggested multiple vulnerabilties, which the unions have adroitly exploited. "And we have yet to really approach Wall Street," says one union strategist.

When the campaign was finally launched in January 1983, the union simultaneously released its findings and blitzed four hundred fifty nursing homes, emphasizing the patient care theme and inviting inquiries to a toll-free

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number, 1-800-BevCare. So far the unions have won elections at twenty-seven homes and lost thirteen. "The corporate organizing doesn't substitute for good local organizing that grows out of employees' own felt needs," says the U.F.C.W.'s Harry Carter. "What it does do is keep management very busy." Once again the labor movement is reinventing the Wagner Act for one company.

Why are nursing homes easier to organize than other low-wage service industries? They aren't. "It just *happens* to be nursing homes," says the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Jeffrey Fiedler of the Food and Service Department. "Fifty years ago, autos and steel were considered untouchable. We'd like to go after today's untouchable industries: K-Mart, McDonald's. We're organizing black women in the South, and we're winning. We've won 85 percent of our Beverly elections in the South. If the labor movement doesn't exist to organize minimum-wage workers, what does it exist for?"

"We view this department as a laboratory," adds Robert Harbrant. "We think you can rewrite the rules of the game by creating circumstances and exploiting them. One thing about American business—it is competitive. When you focus your fire on one company, management spends all their time fighting you and they can't run their business. If this approach became routine, the Chamber of Commerce would be calling for labor law reform."

ALTHOUGH ECONOMIC pressure at the corporate level has its most obvious application against flagrant corporate lawbreakers, labor's new financial sophistication is finding uses on a variety of fronts, including even concession bargaining. A surprising and satisfying example is the Machinists' December 1983 settlement with Eastern Airlines. Like other air carriers, Eastern has been overwhelmed by deregulation, compounded by its own chaotic management and fractious labor relations. After making impossibly rosy financial projections and concluding a generous wage settlement with its unions in early 1983, Eastern found itself in a terrible cash squeeze by summer. In September, Chairman Frank Borman showed union negotiators his deteriorating balance sheets, and demanded a unilateral 20 percent wage cut as the price of averting bankruptcy. Eventually, the unions gave—but also got.

Three different unions were involved: the Machinists, the Airline Pilots, and the Transport Workers Union representing flight attendants. To break the bitter negotiating impasse, mediator W. J. Usery suggested an independent financial review of Eastern's condition. Usery proposed Lazard Frères, who turned out to have been Eastern's former investment banker. On the union side, Charles Bryan, the popular and canny elected leader of Machinists' District 100, countered that the union wanted its own financial review. What followed might have warmed the heart of Walter Reuther, who long articulated the fruitless demand, "Open the books!" The Machinists brought in Randy Barber, labor's most astute pension fund expert, and Michael Locker, an activist who has sent the past twenty years researching corporate finances for social causes.

The union got access to privileged financial data ordinarily reserved for Eastern's board of directors. Barber, Locker, and associates sat side by side with the people from Lazard's. At one point, Eastern vice presidents were wheeling in documents for Locker that they themselves were not authorized to see. The three unions ultimately agreed that Eastern indeed needed to cut labor costs, but they extracted unique quid pro quos. First, the wage concessions—pay cuts averaging 18 percent—had to translate into stock in the company. Workers ended up with about 25 percent of Eastern's stock, including a brand-new form of security invented for the occasion, "profit-sharing preferred stock." If Eastern thrives, the workers will get back their wage concessions, and then some.

Employee stock in exchange for wage concessions is rare, but not unprecedented. More remarkably, the Machinists negotiated what might be described as the closest American counterpart yet to European-style co-determination. Four seats on Eastern's board are not all that labor won; the unions are now deeply involved in the ongoing management of the company. The Machinists will continue to get detailed financial data, including information on Eastern's capital structure, its marketing plans, its load and route factors, and all management plans to retain outside consultants. The union will participate in the design of facilities; it will have the right to appeal directly to the board of directors if its recommendations are rejected by management. Both parties have committed themselves to improve productivity and cut costs. One union goal shared by top management is to replace redundant supervisory layers with more efficient, better motivated workers. Locker will continue as a financial analyst on behalf of the Machinists.

THE EASTERN contract creates a kind of social bargain that American unions have seldom sought and never before attained—real union influence in day-to-day company management in exchange for union responsibility to improve output. Unlike the tame forms of profit sharing so prized by management, the Eastern deal is predicated on strong, smart unionism. "The Machinists kept telling us, 'We know where money is being wasted, and you're not listening.' And they were right," says Richard McGraw, an Eastern vice president. "Now we're listening." According to Eastern's chief of labor relations, Jack Johnson, "The whole atmosphere here has been transformed from one of confrontation to one of positive sum-problem solving. It's almost too good to be true." The days of unrealistically expensive contract settlements are over at Eastern, but so are the days of high-handed management. And in the process labor has learned how to match wits with the shrewdest of corporate financial analysts. The Eastern bargain arms the labor movement not just with some new technical skills, but with a broader sense of possibility and the outlines of a more defensible social contract with industry.

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A less global but equally instructive agreement was recently concluded between Xerox, one of the nation's very few unionized high technology companies, and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. ACTWU's relationship with Xerox dates back more than forty years, to the time when the old Amalgamated Clothing Workers was the only major union in Rochester, and Xerox's predecessor, the Haloid corporation, was a struggling young company. Over the years, Xerox and ACTWU have pioneered unusually constructive labor relations.

IN 1981, faced with growing low-wage foreign and domestic competition, Xerox showed the union financial projections indicating that it had to cut production costs by 18 percent a year for five years. With average wages of $12 an hour, "we were finding that we could buy many components cheaper than we could make them," recalls William Asher, Xerox's vice president for labor relations. The company proposed not only a wage freeze, but the elimination of some three hundred production jobs. Instead, employee teams won the right to review company data and to suggest other ways of cutting costs. One team was even flown to Germany at company expense to investigate a production process. Ultimately, the worker teams suggested improvements that saved several million dollars—and the three hundred jobs. Like Eastern, a mutually beneficial outcome at Xerox depended on a tough, democratic union.

Of course, one can imagine an industrial system of moderated wages, employee involvement programs, profit sharing—and no unions. "If we had an absolute choice, I'm sure we'd prefer to operate independently," says William Asher. "Our system is probably more cumbersome, but I think it's more effective. The decisions that finally evolve are richer, more informed decisions. Where is life better—in a benevolent dictatorship or a democracy?" The claim that union work rules wreck productivity is often management's own doing, says Asher. "I've never heard of a union saying, 'This is the only way we'll do the job.' Unions look for a clear definition of what they're entitled to. When management constantly attacks the base of the union, the union retaliates with contract terms to protect themselves, and management says: see, they're being restrictive. It's sloppy management that reproduces the rigidity."

Asher finds few colleagues at labor relations meetings who share his philosophy. "It's kind of lonesome," he confesses. One who does is Jerome Rosow, a former Assistant Labor Secretary in the Nixon Administration who now directs the Work In America Institute. Rosow, whose institute advocates participatory management, observes, "Employee involvement works best in a unionized setting. Many companies put in work-quality circles to keep out unions, but the gains are often short lived, because they are not built on trust. The union is vital as an arbiter between supervisor and worker. Supervisors can act as a filter to keep out new, controversial ideas. When a union is not there to keep the process honest, it usually makes little difference."

In their important forthcoming book, *What Do Unions Do?*, to be published in April, the Harvard economists Richard Freeman and James Medoff observe that unionism has two faces—a "monopoly face" which extorts wages and rigidifies work rules, and a "democratic face" which increases worker influence in the work place, improves productivity, offers an avenue for managers to benefit from what workers know, and creates a form of working life where productivity is based on security and dignity rather than economic coercion. The monopoly face of unionism extorts wages; the democratic face produces a more egalitarian wage structure generally—across industries and regions, between skilled and unskilled, blue-collar and white-collar, blacks and whites, men and women. The monopoly face retards change; the democratic face invents mutually beneficial gains. Based on painstaking statistical research on wages and productivity, they conclude that the broad economic gains of labor's democratic face outweigh the economic losses of its monopoly face.

SUCCESSFUL ECONOMIC organizing efforts like Litton, Beverly, Eastern, and Xerox, whether to bring unionism to new companies or to revolutionize the premises of collective bargaining at unionized ones, are not yet typical, but they are increasingly influential. In these campaigns, one can discern glimmerings of a very different sort of industrial bargain—in which labor reasserts its right to organize but uses it primarily to improve the lot of the lowest paid, and in which labor concedes management more flexibility in exchange for a deeper constructive influence and a surer form of employment security.

If, for example, the Steelworkers wished to conclude a European sort of social compact—moderating their own wage demands and improving productivity in exchange for a serious commitment to full employment, or a higher minimum wage, or fairer labor access to the unorganized, or real retraining opportunities to comparably good jobs in new industries—there is no social machinery in America capable of negotiating such a bargain. Too many of the new industries are non-union, low-wage, implacably hostile to unionism. Industrial policy tradeoffs between, say, steel and electronics are impossibly asymmetrical when one industry is unionized and the other is not.

Thus, the dilemma of the labor movement in the 1980s. To survive it must simultaneously become more militant and also more broadly legitimate. Constructive social bargains like the Eastern and Xerox deals are possible—but they first require a powerful, self-confident labor movement. Organizing the unorganized at low-wage work places like Beverly takes muscle and sophistication. But it is essential if labor is to adapt to the new work force and to regain credibility as the national social conscience. When labor represents only a narrow, defensive base of privileged workers, there is little prospect of constructive in-

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dustrial bargains that simultaneously benefit labor, industry, and the wider society.

Can labor move to this higher ground? Lane Kirkland thinks so. He tells a favorite anecdote about Samuel Gompers's ledger books of a century ago, which Kirkland found in his office. "Do you know who his members were? The Horse Collar Makers National Association, the Buck Sawyers and Nailers, the Umbrella and Walking Stick Makers and Dressers, the German-American Printers, the Architectural Cornice Makers . . . any economic analyst looking at that list in the 1880s would have said, 'That organization cannot survive the economic transitions. That movement is doomed.' " Then Kirkland recounts how labor went on to organize the railroads and the new mass production industries.

It is perhaps churlish to point out that those new industries were substantially organized by contemporary radicals who were not always welcome to the established labor leaders of their day; that those men and women are now safely part of labor history. But to Kirkland's credit, he welcomes tough, even militant, organizing. "There's so goddam much *to* organize. If the sons of bitches will organize people, I will welcome them. This is a movement with room for everybody."

Organizing has never quite been one of Kirkland's personal passions. Under his mentor, George Meany, organizing was largely left to the international unions, while the federation concentrated on other matters. Since succeeding Meany in 1979, Kirkland has devoted most of his attention to legislative policy, to international affairs, and of course to politics. Two pet projects were getting workers back into the streets on successive Solidarity Days, and sharpening labor's media skills with a new labor institute on public affairs. On the subject of union-busting, Kirkland can sound like a firebrand. "It comes back to one basic proposition," he says. "Capital is mobile and labor is not. Capital has no flag, and no country. Labor is locked not just into its country, but its community." At the very least, Kirkland is receptive to new organizing strategies. His secretary-treasurer and second-in-command, Tom Donohue, is chairing a top-level committee of union presidents on industrial transitions. And, in any case, Kirkland is not the only place to look for the story.

THE STORY is mainly to be found in the individual unions doing the organizing, and increasingly they are finding allies in the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s big Washington headquarters. That is about the way it should be.

That building suggests one other reason why labor's resurgence is a worthy cause. In the hallway outside Kirkland's office are displayed one hundred pens given to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. by Lyndon Johnson in the closing days of his Presidency in gratitude for the labor federation's lobbying work on behalf of one hundred pieces of Great Society legislation: the three great civil rights acts, the anti-poverty program, federal aid to education, Medicare, and so on. Other than periodic increases in the minimum wage, not one bill was, strictly speaking, labor legislation. ("There hasn't been any labor legislation since the Wagner Act," says A.F.L.-C.I.O. lobbyist Kenneth Young wryly.)

LABOR HAS been a key constituency for every major piece of decent social legislation since the New Deal. Without a strong labor movement, moderately liberal members of Congress become fatally dependent on business support, and there is no reliable ideological counterweight to business's natural preference for market supremacy regardless of human cost. The fashionable neoliberal disdain for unions shares the weaknesses of late-nineteenth-century mugwump reformism. It assumes virtuous ideas will triumph of their own intellectual weight. It ignores constituency; it presumes managerial benevolence. Imagine where the center of political gravity would be in America if America had no labor movement.

To be sure, some of labor's problems are its own fault. One could write an easy story about labor's monopoly face. Many of the best rank-and-file soldiers in labor's army are worn down by the infighting, the pork-chopping, the petty oligarchies, the deadwood, the waste of organizing talent doing battle with other unions. The National Right to Work Committee has press kits with the latest horror story about The Plant That Closed because the international union vetoed the locally negotiated contract. There are absurd cases of longshoremen paid $31,000 a year whether or not they work, of trains that don't move because the right craftworker wasn't there to wash the windows. One can also still find corruption, vestiges of racism, and occasional outright gangsterism.

"The trouble with much of American unionism," says one organizer, "is that too much of it is just a service. In America, if you need something, you buy it. On that basis, the best union in America is the Teamsters. They are the biggest, baddest, toughest union. That's the Teamster myth. They make you a very up-front deal. Give us your dues money and we'll beat up on the boss for you. And they usually deliver on that deal. Maybe they threaten to blow up the guy's car, and maybe they don't. But that's not the issue. The issue is whether unionism is simply a way to buy a big stick, or is unionism a vehicle for people to empower themselves democratically?"

That is precisely the issue. And happily, there is a good deal to report lately about unionism's democratic face—necessary inventions that could revive labor and carry the labor movement far beyond the famous inward-looking slogan of business unionism, "More!" Samuel Gompers, incidentally, never said that labor just wanted "more." Here is the rest of what he said, in the year 1893. "What does labor want? We want more schoolhouses and less jails; more books and less arsenals, more learning and less vice, more constant work and less crime, more leisure and less greed, more justice and less revenge." That sentiment, which one still encounters more reliably in labor's temple than anywhere else in America, is the best reason for wishing the labor movement well.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Pride Despite Prejudice

The title, *Le Crabe Tambour*, is wretched even after it's explained. The protagonist's father called his children little crabs, and this son he called the drummer crab because the boy used to beat his chest at table when he was hungry. This is completely irrelevant to the film. It's not even misleading: it doesn't lead anywhere.

A pity because the film is generally strong and insistent, is always visually superb, and is ethically stubborn. The subject is military honor, the codes that men have evolved through history in war and in the sustenance of martial behavior. In the long view, we can see that these codes have about as much philosophic weight as epaulettes and medals; in shorter view, taking the world as it is, we can see that military codes do for some what organized religions do for many: they provide believers with a means of conducting their lives and deaths.

Le Crabe Tambour
(Interama)

Le Crabe Tambour was written by the French filmmaker Pierre Schoendoerffer from his novel of that name, which (we're told) was based on the life of a man who is still living. Schoendoerffer had long firsthand experience of the French war in Vietnam during the early 1950s and returned in 1967 to make a documentary called *The Anderson Platoon* about the U.S. war there. Much of his new film takes place during that earlier, French war; parts of it go to Algeria and other places involving French arms and naval vessels.

The "present" of the film is aboard a destroyer heading west across the Atlantic to tend some French trawlers off Newfoundland. A story about a man nicknamed the Drummer Crab is recounted idly on the bridge, and this starts a story about the same man that involves the destroyer's captain. The film keeps returning to this ship and a "present" narrative, but that narrative is filled out by a series of substantial flashbacks centering on the Drummer Crab, whose name was Willsdorff. He was a French naval officer (Alsatian evidently) whom we first see patrolling the Mekong River on a gunboat, easy, amused, gallant, a sort of reticent latter-day D'Artagnan figuratively conducting his own war in Vietnam; and he continued in Algeria where he fought on behalf of the French colonials and opposed de Gaulle's settlement. He is shown to be the stuff of legends.

Willsdorff served a five-year prison term for his Algerian activities, after which—something like T. E. Lawrence in this regard—he opted for obscurity and is now captain of one of those trawlers off Canada. The destroyer's captain had once promised Willsdorff to resign his commission along with the other man in certain circumstances. The captain reneged and is making this voyage as a penance.

With its weavings through different planes of the past, the film provides a view of colonial disintegration through the eyes of men who had been trained to defend the empire and who had committed themselves. This is not today a widely popular belief; nonetheless these men felt betrayed by their country's government after putting their lives on the line, and keeping them there, to protect that country's interests. (I thought of *Coriolanus*, an alpine comparison yet relevant because its protagonist holds views that don't elicit much sympathy from contemporary audiences.)

Le Crabe Tambour has the force of understandable, if unshared, pride, and its impact would be even stronger if the two principal roles were more aptly cast. Jacques Perrin is merely credible as Willsdorff; he has no overtones, no conviction of belonging to a secret society of aristocrats, like Peter O'Toole in *Lawrence of Arabia*. Jean Rochefort, usually an excellent actor, is miscast as the destroyer captain; it's an outline of a performance waiting for the appropriate colors. But the film never sags or wavers, and its harmonics of violent action and inner quandaries merit the term used in the publicity: Conradian.

Schoendoerffer has a keen sense of texture and pace, and he is also keen enough to make the most of Raoul Coutard, the cinematographer. Coutard has been busy since 1959 when he began his long association with Godard and Truffaut, among others. (I recently saw again Godard's *A Married Woman*, 1964, which owes as much to Coutard as does this film.) In 1970 he made a documentary of his own about Vietnam, *Hoa Binh*. His work in *Le Crabe Tambour* confirms his place in the company of such men as Kazuo Miyagawa, Sven Nykvist, and Nestor Almendros. Coutard's Mekong River and African desert and Breton churchyards are breathtaking, but it is with the Atlantic itself that he triumphs. He makes the sea a monster, snarling and clawing at the destroyer or enticing it with deceptive steely calm. He transmutes the bow of the destroyer into the protagonist of an epic, slashing through waves higher than the ship, slicing ice floes into disappearing sculptures. He makes us remember how ships figure in the epics of the ancients. Yet the film never slacks into a gallery

FILMS WORTH SEEING

And the Ship Sails On. Fellini's best since *Amarcord*, a patently symbolic voyage in 1914 on a luxury liner carrying European glories and follies. Exquisitely done. (Reviewed 2/13/84)

Dear Maestro. Two orchestral conductors, 40, friends, are turned into rivals and discover themselves. An Italian first film, fine. (2/6/84)

Entre Nous. One can quarrel (I do) with a central selfish action, but Diane Kurys's account of her mother and father and mother's woman friend is treated with fingertip delicacy. (2/27/84)

Gorky Park. Moscow and murder. And more murders. Competently directed and acted, except for the hero, this thriller thrills. (2/6/84)

SK

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of pictures: always the angle and the light and the movement aid the moment. One shot in particular I expect not to forget—a daytime scene of thick fog, through which the destroyer materializes, its lights burning.

Le Crabe Tambour was made in 1977 and, at this writing, is scheduled for only a one-week showing at the Public Theater in New York. This is ridiculous. All those who can respond to this film will, I trust, get the chance to see it.

The very limited engagement (at present) of *Le Crabe Tambour* raises again a recurring question: Why review films that may not get widespread theatrical distribution? Some answers.

First, those who are specifically interested in films are interested in evaluations of what is happening in the art. This interest is not in direct ratio to availability—which is also true of course with other arts. Every national journal that reviews theater or musical performance knows that no more than a tiny percentage of its readers will see or hear the work discussed. Those journals assume an interest wider than the possibilities of attendance.

Second, with film, availability can be changed. Certain local theaters may be persuaded to book a film; and many films not widely distributed otherwise are eventually available for rental in 16mm. A sizable number of films are thus available that were *never* shown theatrically. (Not many foreign films make it as yet to cassettes.) Individuals, teachers and students, private and public film societies want to know about new films.

Third, and possibly most important, a point which has nothing to do with specific interest in the field: film is a subject. Apparently, people who like to read like to read about film. None of us is able to attend a tenth of all the concerts and exhibits and dance events that we read about, still we benefit from much of what we read about them. Those who do the writing rely on a hope that I reciprocally share.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Private Views, Public Vistas

I am late in reviewing Vaclav Havel's *A Private View* at the Public Theater for reasons that suggest how political considerations can inhibit one's critical judgments. I have not greatly admired Havel's dramatic writings in the past (I found *The Memorandum*, for example, a post-Absurdist contrivance hamstrung by crude linear plotting), but in view

A Private View
by Vaclav Havel

of the courageous public actions of this Czechoslovakian dissident, it somehow seemed insensitive to be making aesthetic judgments on his techniques. How does one criticize the art of a man exemplary enough to draw tributes from Samuel Beckett and Tom Stoppard without seeming to mitigate one's admiration for his personal heroism? Still, Havel is not just a symbol of political persecution, he is also a serious writer who both seeks and deserves an honest assessment. The problem is that Havel's new play is compromised by the very virtues that make him a hero to the West.

A Private View consists of three short playlets unified by its central figure, Ferdinand Vanek. When we first see Vanek, he has arrived, cap in hand, for an interview with his bibulous boss, the head malter in a brewery. An intellectual and a playwright, Vanek has taken this job for reasons partly economic (he needs money), partly political (a troublemaker banned from editorial jobs, he needs to identify himself with working people). But his beer-soaked interrogator, alternately menacing and friendly in the manner of a Kafka bureaucrat, views him as a condescending creature from another class whose friendship with such dissidents as Pavel Kohout is comprising his credibility with the authorities. Guzzling bottles of brew and interrupting their conversation for frequent piss calls, the boss holds out

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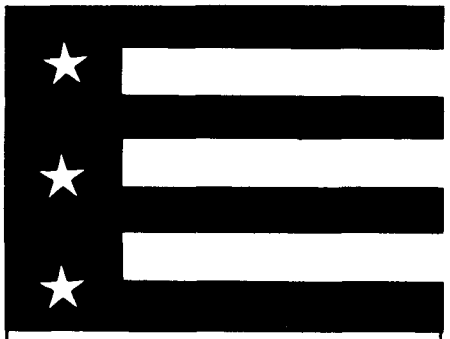

"The current emphasis on rights as against obligations is pervasive and, at points, grotesque."

In THE RECONSTRUCTION OF PATRIOTISM, noted sociologist Morris Janowitz forthrightly comes to grips with ideas that have sustained considerable battering from intellectual attack –nationalism and patriotism. He redefines patriotism as civic consciousness, meaning not xenophobia or militarism but enlightened nationalism that realizes the interdependency of the world community.

Janowitz calls for a restoration of the once healthy balance between the rights and obligations of citizenship and urges that schools, at all levels, become, as they used to be, agents of civic education. Most controversial of all his assertions is, perhaps: "there can be no reconstruction of patriotism without a system of national service." His carefully reasoned approach to how this system might evolve is, however, convincing.

This is a book imbued with idealism but it is an idealism tempered with pragmatism. It is written by a man keenly aware of the effects of societal change on civic and political affairs, a man wary of the rigidity inherent in mere ideology.

The Reconstruction of Patriotism

Education for Civic Consciousness

MORRIS JANOWITZ

$22.50

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promise of a better-paying job if Vanek will fix him up with an actress and admit his dissident sympathies. Always humble and agreeable, Vanek will arrange the assignation, but stoutly refuses to inform on himself. The boss grows more sloshed; Vanek makes another entrance to start the interview again, this time assuming the coarse macho manners appropriate to his environment.

"I am a swine and the swine go home," says Brecht's Kragler of *Drums In The Night*, another character who learns that the best defense against authority is pliancy. The second playlet, however, suggests that Vanek's self-denigration is more a modest authorial pose than a strategy for political adaptation. Here Vanek visits two friends from his past, a swinging middle-class couple in a trendy apartment festooned with vulgar objects purchased abroad. "We're having our own little private view here this evening," they tell him. And as he drinks their whiskey from the "States," munches their gourmet "grundles," and tries to admire their conversation-piece confessional and Biedermeier clock, Vanek is unwillingly drawn into the experimental lives of this advanced couple. The wife puts her hand on Vanek's crotch and exposes her breasts, while extolling the sexual prowess of her husband; before long, the couple is making love in front of him—forcing the uneasy Vanek to avert his eyes ("Won't my being around make you nervous?")

SOON THEY GET down to the real subject of the visit, which is to rebuke him for his unorthodox politics and his dissident associates (Kohout is again mentioned as a dangerous influence), meanwhile suggesting that if Vanek would only conform he could be enjoying similar luxuries and privileges. Throughout this colloquy, Vanek remains silent, unprotesting, a figure whose very impassivity seems to make his critics furious. Finally, Vanek confesses he is sorry to have caused his friends so much trouble and anguish, and just as he adapted earlier to the proletarian camaraderie demanded by the head malter, he now sits contentedly listening to his bourgeois friends' rock records and drinking their bourbon.

The plays are apparently based on real incidents (and, according to the translator, Vera Blackwell, "real people"). But although Vanek is undoubtedly an autobiographical figure, there are significant differences between the dissident Havel and his unprotesting hero. These are even more evident in the third and final playlet of the evening, "Protest," which takes place four years later, in 1979. Here Vanek—just released from a year in prison for his political activities—visits a successful writer, Stanek. In the security of his studio, Stanek is able to profess deep contempt for the authorities—"this nation is governed by scum"—but publicly he has been enriching himself by writing for TV and film. Like any other media artist, he displays both guilt and defiance regarding the moral compromises necessary to prosper in such a job. But Stanek greatly admires Vanek's integrity in regard to art and human rights, even though, having read his play about the brewery, he disapproves of the "unrealistic" ending. Now a young friend of his daughter (she is pregnant by him) has been arrested for political reasons, and Stanek wants Vanek to submit a petition for his release.

VANEK HAS already written such a petition and collected some signatures, including that of Pavel Kohout. It never occurs to Stanek to sign it himself. Instead he makes suggestions about how to make the document milder, less provocative, and then offers Vanek some money for his persecuted comrades (naturally he doesn't want this known). Still preternaturally mild-mannered, Vanek finally asks Stanek to become a signatory to his own petition. The panicked Stanek responds with an outpouring of shame and remorse. He had always assumed that only dissidents made protests, that when you wanted something dangerous done you turned to agents—"Can everybody become a fighter for human rights?" Filled with self-loathing, he determines to regain his lost honor and self-respect, and sign, then rehearses all the reasons why he shouldn't: he will lose his job, his son will be unable to continue with his studies, he will no longer be able to do any "backstage maneuvering." Inevitably, Stanek decides to withhold his name, and when he asks Vanek, "Are you angry?" receives the reply, "I respect your reasoning."

This Christ-like response enrages Stanek. He accuses Vanek of "benevolent hypocrisy," of "moral superior-

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ity," of hiding his contempt behind a mask of reasonableness. Still impassive, Vanek refuses to defend himself against these charges, but the issue resolves itself at the end of the play when news comes that the young man has already been released and the petition is unnecessary. Vanek assures the relieved Stanek it was his "backstage maneuvering" that produced the happy results, and, considering for a moment whether to return Stanek's donation, decides to keep the money and leave.

Clearly, Havel has created for himself an insoluble problem: how to dramatize the cowardice of others and contrast it with your own heroism, without appearing impossibly self-righteous. The playwright's strategy is to make Vanek at times a "swine who goes home," scraping before authority and conforming to whatever is demanded, at other times a model of compliant sweetness. Still, the savagery of Havel's satire on the moral dilemmas of those who lack his courage raises doubts about whether he shares his hero's charitable nature, and the difficult sacrifices he has made on behalf of human rights suggest that whatever his faults, conformity is not among them. Vanek, the character, is exonerated from Stanek's accusation of "moral superiority" by the uncritical way he behaves toward others; but the man who invented him cannot entirely escape the same charges.

IT IS a problem compounded by a conflict between the public and private aspects of Havel's character, between the hero who acts and the playwright who creates. I can't begin to suggest how it could be avoided, except to avoid writing about yourself altogether. But since political protest is at the very center of Havel's obsessions, this alternative would rob him of his subject. Brecht escaped the problem because he had a much less exalted view of human character ("Unhappy is the land that needs a hero"), including his own (he was willing to adopt any strategem for survival). But without personal heroism, a once proud, progressive nation would be doomed eternally to slavish servility.

Lee Grant's production at the Public Theater strives bravely, though not always successfully, to disguise the contradictions in Havel's style and tone. Marjorie Bradley Kellogg's set is a garish false proscenium decorated with Communist worker symbols, tanks and hammers, providing an ominous reminder of the totalitarian context of the plays. Stephen Keep, looking like a latter-day Leslie Howard, manages to keep the character of Vanek modest and charming in the face of the most irritating provocations. But it is these provocations, and Vanek's gentle response to them, that ultimately undermine one's faith in the veracity of the proceedings, and leave one wishing Havel had found a more direct way to express his outrage and contrast his own behavior with that of his craven friends.

FREUD'S LAST LAUGH

The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory by Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 308 pp., $16.95)

Everybody I know seems to have read Janet Malcolm's *New Yorker* articles recounting the rise and fall of Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson. With the skill of a fine novelist, she tells of a charming opportunist who managed to insinuate his way into the heart of the psychoanalytic establishment, almost got himself appointed successor to Kurt Eissler as director of the Sigmund Freud Archives, and then, in a monumental act of stupidity, began giving speeches and interviews in which he denounced Freud's putative suppression of the seduction theory. He was cashiered from his job at the Archives in November 1981 and has spent much of his time since in a protracted wrangle with Eissler and other analytic bigwigs. "I'm writing a book called *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory*," he boasted to Malcolm. "And when my book comes out there is not a patient in analysis who will not go to his analyst with the book in hand and say, 'Why didn't you tell me this? What the hell is going on? I want an explanation. This man is telling me that there is something profoundly wrong at the core of psychoanalysis. Jesus Christ! If this is really true, what am I doing here?' " The analytic community may now breathe a collective sigh of relief. There is no need to file for unemployment benefits. Masson's book is a deeply unimpressive affair, ranging from the inconsequential to the naive and back again.

The truth supposedly under assault is Freud's hypothesis, announced in a paper of 1896, that neuroses originated in childhood seductions. Having made this brave discovery, according to Masson, Freud grew frightened of the professional isolation that threatened him and sought to rescue himself, starting in 1897, by arguing that the seductions in question hadn't really occurred but had merely been imagined (or, more precisely, wished for) by his patients. All commentators, including Masson, agree that this change of heart was crucial for the subsequent development of Freud's thought. In effect, it opened the way to the theory of infantile sexuality (which, along with the idea of the unconscious, is one of the two great pillars of psychoanalytic thought), since it assumed that children have sexual urges and a fully elaborated sexual imagination long before puberty. Masson, however, regards the abandonment of the seduction theory as an act of cowardice, a retreat from reality, in which Freud discarded his troubling discovery in favor of a doctrine that relieved adults of their responsibilities and shunted the blame for neurotic developments onto the perfervid imaginations of children. He further regards this retreat as fatefully emblematic of the course psychoanalysis was to follow right down to the present day. Real social evils, like child molestation, were psychologized out of existence.

Although he knows better, Masson contrives to leave the impression that after 1897 Freud denied both the reality and the etiological significance of childhood seductions. He did no such thing.

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Rather, he withdrew his hypothesis that seductions were the universal cause of neurotic disorders and argued instead that while some neuroses originated in real seductions, others originated in the imaginations of his patients. The latter turned out to be of much greater theoretical interest to him, but he took no stand on the relative incidence of the two etiologies. Thus in 1924 he added a footnote to his case of Katharina in the *Studies on Hysteria* (1895), correcting his original statement that the girl had been sexually assaulted by her uncle:

> I venture after the lapse of so many years to lift the veil of discretion and reveal the fact that Katharina was not the niece but the daughter of the landlady. The girl fell ill, therefore, as a result of sexual attempts on the part of her own father.

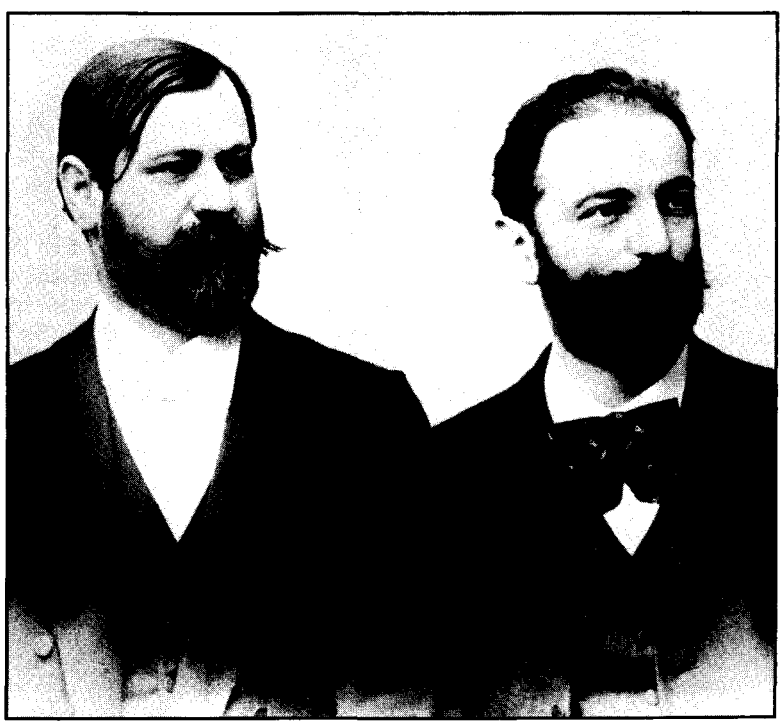
Freud treats the matter of childhood seductions and their consequences as an open empirical question, insisting only that psychoanalysis is unable to distinguish between the mental illnesses that arise from real trauma and those that arise from fantasy. "Phantasies of being seduced," he wrote in the *Introductory Lectures* of 1916,

> are of particular interest, because so often they are not phantasies but real memories. Fortunately, however, they are nevertheless not real as often as seemed at first to be shown by the findings of analysis. . . . You must not suppose, however, that sexual abuse of a child by its nearest male relative belongs entirely to the realm of phantasy. Most analysts will have treated cases in which such events were real and could be unimpeachably established. . . . Up to the present time we have not succeeded in pointing to any difference in the consequences, whether phantasy or reality has had the greater share in these events of childhood.

The "suppression" announced in Masson's subtitle is, in short, largely mythical.

Let us, then, proceed to the supposed reason for this suppression. Why, having made bold to publish the seduction theory, did Freud choose to disown it? Perhaps the least bothersome thing about Masson's answer is that it is entirely speculative: he suggests that Freud couldn't tolerate the professional rejection that the theory purportedly brought him. A greater liability, however, is that his answer makes no sense. It is in fact directly contradicted by the evidence that Masson himself provides.

It makes no sense because the position to which Freud "retreated"—i.e., the theory of infantile sexuality—was incalculably more objectionable to the Victorian prejudices of the medical establishment than the seduction theory could ever be. After all, the seduction theory merely confirmed what anyone who read the papers already knew: adults sometimes committed sexual crimes against children. Masson observes that in France between 1858 and 1869 there were 9,125 legal accusations of rape or attempted rape of children, and in 1886 Dr. Paul Bernard published a study that noted 36,176 reported cases of "rape and assaults on the morality" of children between 1827 and 1870. Child abuse, in other words, was hardly a secret, and Freud merely added that such abuse sometimes had grave psychological consequences. On the other hand, the proposition that children enjoy (or suffer from) a psychosexual life as rich as adults' offended one of the most deeply cherished of nineteenth-century illusions: the innocence of childhood. It was not the sort of idea to be embraced by a man worried about his professional respectability.



SIGMUND FREUD WITH WILHELM FLIESS, C. 1890
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Masson, moreover, presents overwhelming evidence that a professional interest in sexual assaults on children was anything but unacceptable to Victorian medical authorities. Indeed, his second chapter is devoted to demonstrating that Freud must have been familiar with the extensive literature on the subject published in the late nineteenth century. And what, you may ask, happened to doctors who dared to write about sexual assaults on children? Well, in France, at least, they rose right to the top of the medical heap. Thus we learn, from Masson, that the three leading French authorities on the subject were Ambroise Tardieu, "professor of legal medicine at the University of Paris, dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and president of the Academy of Medicine in Paris," Alexandre Lacassagne, "who held the chair of legal medicine at the University of Lyon," and Paul Brouardel, "known as the 'Pontifex Maximus' of French medicine, [and] Ambroise Tardieu's successor to the chair of legal medicine in Paris." The study of the sexual abuse of children, in other words, was academic gold.

Masson, however, would have us believe that what was *à la mode* in Paris was *verboten* in Vienna. No sooner had Freud abandoned the theory than he was rewarded with professional acknowledgment:

> Giving up his "erroneous" view allowed Freud to participate again in a medical society that had earlier ostracized him. In 1905 Freud publicly retracted the seduction theory. By 1908, respected physicians had joined Freud: Paul Federn, Isidor Sadger, Sándor Ferenczi, Max Eitingon, Karl Jung, Ludwig Binswanger, Karl Abraham, Abraham Brill, and Ernest Jones. The psychoanalytic movement was born but an important truth had been left behind.

In reality, of course, the Viennese medical powers continued to treat Freud

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with contempt long after 1905, and the "respected physicians" here lined up for our inspection represent Freud's intrepid little band of early followers, not one of whom "came around" because Freud had relinquished his preposterous ideas about childhood seduction. In short, Masson's explanation for Freud's apostasy is as mythical as the apostasy itself. Moreover, I see no reason not to accept Freud's own explanation for his change of heart. The seduction theory, he concluded, failed the test of probability: no matter how widespread such seductions might be, they were not widespread enough—or so he surmised—to account for the incidence of neurosis. He may have underestimated the frequency of such assaults—just as he had overestimated it earlier—but that is hardly reason to accuse him of dissembling.

Much is made in this book (and in the portions of it that appear in the February issue of *The Atlantic*) of the case of Emma Eckstein. It is a very dramatic story, and one that reflects little credit on Freud. But it is a story already familiar from the publications of Max Schur, and, more importantly, it bears only faintly on Masson's thesis about the seduction theory. In effect, Masson's use of it depends on a grand and rather loosely drawn analogy.

Emma Eckstein was a patient of Freud's, although her exact complaint remains obscure. Unfortunately for her, Freud was at the time in the midst of his infatuation with Wilhelm Fliess, and in 1895 he arranged for Fliess to operate on her nose, an operation whose rationale derived from Fliess's crackpot ideas about the relation between the nose and sexuality. Fliess proceeded to bungle the operation by leaving a piece of gauze in the wound, which festered until, a month later, another physician discovered and extracted it, causing an enormous hemorrhage. Emma Eckstein continued to suffer from periodic nasal hemorrhaging for some time thereafter, and Freud eventually came to believe that her hemorrhaging was psychosomatic.

Freud wrote a number of letters to Fliess in which he repeatedly told the latter that he was not to feel responsible for what had happened to Emma Eckstein. The significance of these letters for Masson is that they represent, as he sees it, an exact analogue to that retreat from reality embodied in the suppression of the seduction theory: just as real seductions gave way to imaginary ones, so a real physical disorder (caused by Fliess's surgical incompetence) gave way to psychosomatic hemorrhagings. Masson implies, disingenuously, that Freud believed even the first hemorrhaging was psychosomatic, although he clearly held no such opinion.

Properly managed, this incident could, I suppose, be used to demonstrate the emergence of a typical psychoanalytic habit of mind. But Masson hasn't got the wit to exploit it intelligently, even for his own ends. For one thing, he overlooks the extent to which Freud's letters represent not an exculpation but a thinly disguised reproach to Fliess. Repeatedly and (it would seem) gratuitously he reminds Fliess that he is not to blame for what transpired—it was, he wrote, "one of those accidents that happen to the most fortunate and circumspect of surgeons." Fliess himself had no trouble reading between Freud's lines, and although his letters to Freud are lost, those from Freud make it transparent that Fliess

Hitler, Germans, and the "Jewish Question"

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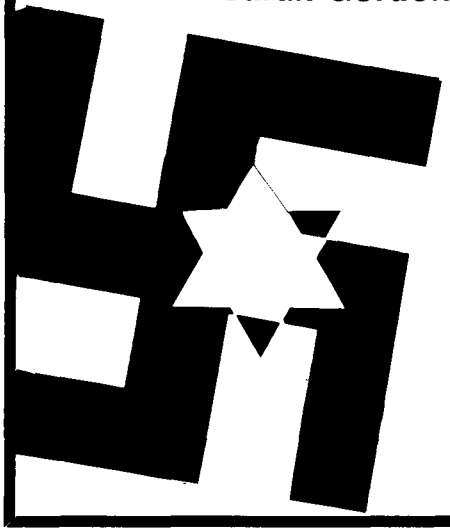

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demanded written apologies from anyone who even hinted (as did certain of the consulting physicians) that he had been negligent or incompetent. Freud's reassurances, in effect, were brutally punishing.

More significantly, Masson is unable to demonstrate that Freud's motives in this incident were in any sense similar to those that supposedly inspired his rejection of the seduction theory, and as a result the analogy remains purely formal. He throws a red herring across the issue by suggesting that Emma Eckstein was herself the victim of a childhood assault: when she was eight years old a shopkeeper "grabbed at her genitals," with the result that as an adult she suffered from "a compulsion of not being able to go into shops *alone*." But this experience is never related to the mysterious primary neurosis for which she sought Freud's help, and, much as Masson wishes it were so, there is no evidence that she either experienced or fantasized an earlier seduction that might have been the cause of that primary neurosis.

EMMA ECKSTEIN, 1895, COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The crucial matter, however, is that Freud's motive in the incident—according to Masson as well as Schur—was simply to get Fliess off the hook. And behind that motive lies a fact about the relationship that Masson mentions only in passing: namely, that Freud, by his own admission, was in love with Fliess. The Eckstein incident testifies to the depth—as well as the ambivalence—of that love, and it reveals something of Freud's extraordinary credulity. But the attachment to Fliess, if anything, actually worked *against* his tendency to psychologize human experience. Fliess, as even Masson recognizes, had no interest whatsoever in psychology, being himself firmly rooted in a kind of mad positivism, which sought to explain all sexual life in terms of a mysterious affinity between the nasal cavity and the genitals, and through an even more mysterious theory of periodicity involving permutations of the numbers 23 and 28. To the extent that Freud took Fliess's ideas seriously—and, alas, he apparently took them very seriously indeed—they served to inhibit that "journey into the interior" about which Masson complains so bitterly.

Above and beyond the evidential and logical shortcomings of Masson's argument lies his even more appalling naiveté as a cultural historian. He entertains the notion that if only Freud had remained faithful to his original discovery, the entire history of psychoanalysis might have been different. Instead of exploring the imaginary sexual lives of children, it could have turned its attention to real abuses, and thus contributed to the elimination of much unnecessary suffering. Aside from its patently bogus ring, this fine radical peroration simply ignores the extent to which the emergence of psychoanalysis was part of a much larger transformation in sensibility with which our century began, whose most salient characteristic was a shift of interest from the outer world of society to the inner one of the psyche. Freud may have been the most important, even the most influential, figure in this development, but he was anything but its sole instigator. The same story is also to be found, as H. Stuart Hughes has shown, in virtually every realm of modern cultural and intellectual enterprise. Freud's achievement in psychology, in other words, must be seen in conjunction with Weber's and Pareto's in sociology, Proust's and Joyce's in literature, Picasso's and Braque's in painting, Schoenberg's and Stravinsky's in music, and many others as well. I don't for a moment believe that Freud gave up the seduction theory because he sensed where the *Zeitgeist* was going, but he would never have become the central figure in the emergence of modernism had he set up shop as a critic of child abuse.

Reading Janet Malcolm's articles, I couldn't escape the almost gleeful feeling that the contemporary analytic community richly deserves the drubbing to which it has been subjected by Masson. He may be a rogue, but surely dinosaurs like Kurt Eissler have gotten nothing less than what was coming to them. At moments such as these one is inclined to identify with the behaviorists and other know-nothings who would be happier if Freud had never existed. Fortunately, however, my duties as a teacher recently called on me to read, for perhaps the tenth time, Freud's *Introductory Lectures*. To read Freud, of course, is to be brought into communion with one of the most powerful and subtle minds in the history of our culture, a mind that speaks with singular incisiveness to the imponderables of human experience. It is, moreover, to be convinced, all over again, that he will long survive his unimaginative epigones and dim-witted critics. But it is also to rue the dilapidat-

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ed state into which his legacy has fallen, when a pathetic and mean-spirited book like Masson's can attract serious attention. If there were any justice in such matters, the interest—and the money—Masson has earned for himself would be directed instead to a new book by Russell Jacoby bearing a remarkably similar title, *The Repression of Psychoanalysis*. Jacoby uses the career of Otto Fenichel to trace the decline in intellectual and literary standards within psychoanalysis as it moved from Europe to the United States in the wake of Hitler's conquest of Central Europe. It is the sad story of how a great tradition passed out of the hands of humane and cultivated individuals into those of scholastics and charlatans. In effect, it is the story of how psychoanalysis passed from Sigmund Freud to Kurt Eissler to Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson.

All of this is not to excuse Freud from having inaugurated a style of psychological thought that is often cavalierly indifferent to real suffering. The analytic habit can be maddeningly obtuse about the world of actual experience, not to mention the social and political conventions that so profoundly shape that experience. More particularly, it does not excuse Freud and psychoanalysis from underestimating the genuine abuses to which children are subjected by their elders. But neither logic nor experience would lead one to conclude, as Masson urges, that sexual violence against children represents the great repressed conundrum—the riddle of the sphinx, so to speak—whose brave decoding will finally unlock the mystery of our lives. The armchair analyst, after reading this book, will probably suspect that such childhood abuse may indeed provide the key to Jeffrey Masson's psychology, a suspicion encouraged by his confessed addiction to "total promiscuity" (he has, he told Malcolm, slept with close to a thousand women). But surely Freud judged wisely when he grounded his psychological system not in the contingent experience of seduction, but in a childhood sexual constitution that he believed to be the common possession of all mankind.

PAUL ROBINSON

CRITIC AND CRUSADER

Hazlitt: The Mind of a Critic
by David Bromwich

(Oxford University Press, 450 pp., $35)

When Shylock captures your sympathies, it is not only Shakespeare who is responsible. For the first two hundred years or so in which the play was performed, he was the villainous and malignant Jew, without any heroic appeal whatever. The change started on one famous occasion, or rather on one neglected occasion which became famous later: at the Drury Lane Theater on January 27, 1814, when Edmund Kean played the part for the first time, and William Hazlitt was there as the drama critic of the *Morning Chronicle*. Kean and Hazlitt together ensured that Shylock thereafter should acquire a new character. Even those who never saw the one and never read the other would not be able to escape the consequences. Hazlitt went away and read the play with new eyes; Kean stepped to glory with a single stride. The London of that age, even the London of the England at war with Napoleon, bowed before them.

David Bromwich begins his book with this incident. Once he had pictured Hazlitt as the easygoing accomplished essayist, on good terms with the world and himself, even in his fits of melancholy. Then he stumbled on what Hazlitt had written about *The Merchant of Venice*, and his own life was transformed, like Kean's. He started to discover the strength, the astringency, the blazing sense of justice, the unresolved tensions that made the real Hazlitt "the most restless of the English romantics, the most dangerous to his enemies. . . . In English there is no one even roughly comparable to him; in

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Occasions For Monuments

For once she knew why she loved New England
As she walked that wet afternoon
Through the streets of the small town
Where her father'd been raised
It was the homely eloquence
That found such occasions for monuments
Bronze plaques bolted into old brick
The heroes & heroines planted on their plinths
In each town square & courtyard

Though that morning as she'd listened
To the minister recite her father's virtues
As if they were the simple
Virtues of all mankind native to Massachusetts
She could think only of the sound
The dirt made as
It broke over the black lid of the casket
& she wanted the moment to be somehow
Less polite

She wanted

To be back upstairs in her old room
That he'd kept for her exactly
As she'd asked
Even though he'd once called it in a letter
As a joke *St. Joan's immaculate cell*

& as she sat at her desk with its view
Of the square & the green grid of lawn & path

She smoothed with one hand the rippled felt
Of the tobacco-colored writing pad
Covering the desk's mahogany
& placed there the two gifts he'd once
Brought her
a glass pyramid from Venice
Its peak opaque as frost but clearing
To a base of the palest blue
& beside it the tooled ivory figure
Of a monk carved with the patience of a monk

& as the light faded at dusk
She looked out at the statues & memorials
So resolutely gray beneath a graying sky

Then glanced down
At the monk & pyramid lit by the brass desk lamp
Where they stood upon the worn browns of
The soft felt landscape glowing each so
White & luminous against the gaining dark

Pulsing in unnatural relief

DAVID ST. JOHN

French, there is Stendhal." A good start indeed, but there is much more to come.

Few literary figures in recent decades have seen their reputations rise so securely as Hazlitt's. Now it will soar. David Bromwich's book is the most persuasive and ambitious exploration of Hazlitt's genius hitherto attempted; and yet it must be hastily added that no pretension is made here that the book is exhaustive or even comprehensive. What happens in these four hundred pages and twenty-five pages of footnotes (don't miss them, by all means) is that some but not all of his great intellectual battles (against most formidable opponents, be it not forgotten) are fought and refought with spectacular effects and unforeseen reverberations. At the end the author can still conclude, not modestly (that is not the Bromwich way) but triumphantly: "Many of Hazlitt's victories are still to be declared."

BUT BACK to the beginning, and one which Hazlitt would have approved with all his well-known gusto. He always called himself a metaphysician, took pride in the title, and had a special affection for his painfully delivered, much-scorned, ever-unread first piece of real writing, his philosophical *Essay on Human Action*. He insisted, by the way, that Shakespeare was quite as good a philosopher as he was a poet. Bromwich argues that Hazlitt's thesis was much more original and intelligent than previous commentators (especially the supercilious modern ones) have allowed, and, moreover, that Hazlitt never wavered in his legitimate allegiance to his splendid metaphysical heresies.

Sheer, downright, embittered obduracy, his enemies alleged; and, considering the assaults upon him, the resort to such a coat of armor might have been excused. But it was wondrously different. The Hazlitt who so cherished his consistency was always listening for the new truth, and had an exceptional capacity for holding two opposing ideas in his mind at the same time. Appreciating these fine balances, Bromwich restores to proper prominence great sections of Hazlitt's writing that have been comparatively neglected—for example, the aphorisms in the manner, but not the morality, of Rochefoucauld. Hazlitt was well aware of the perils of such composition. They could brand him as the purveyor of sharp, final, cynical verdicts. But they don't. "The

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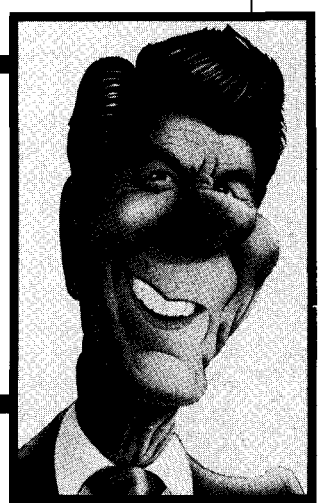

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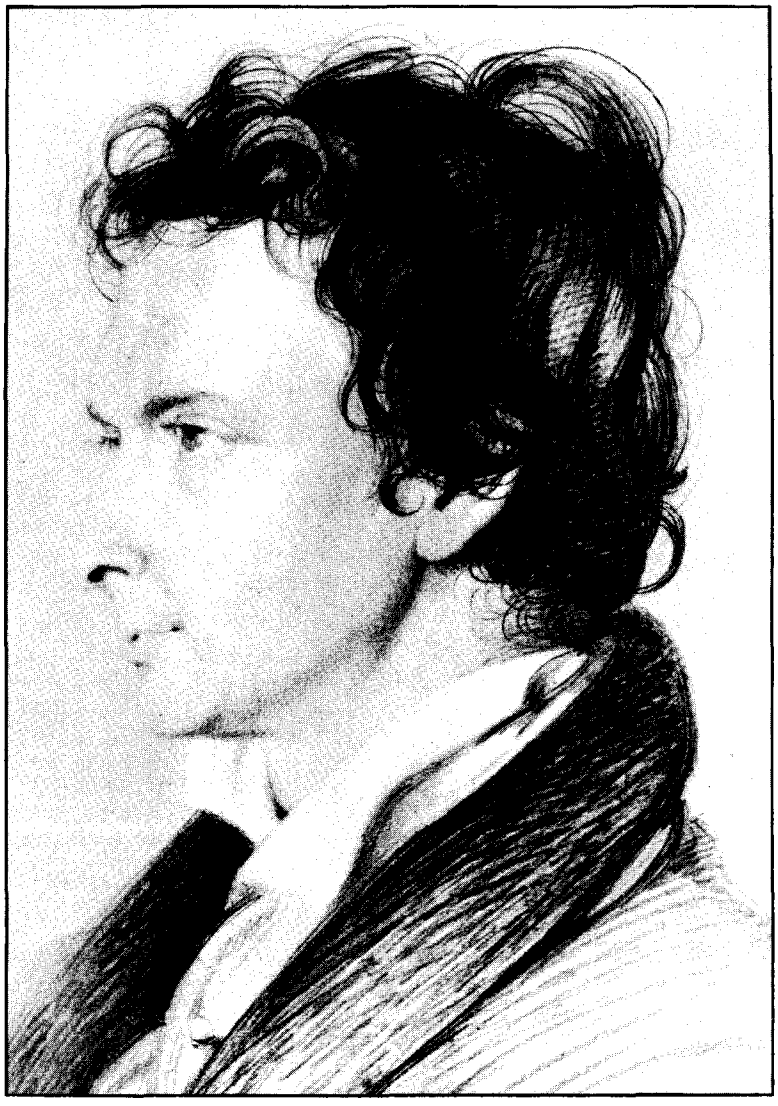
seat of knowledge is in the head; of wisdom, in the heart. We are sure to judge wrong, if we do not feel right." Hazlitt would never let his head run away with his heart, even when he was just recovering from one of the most humiliating love affairs of all time.

Hazlitt treasured, above almost all else, his independence, his power to think for himself. Yet he always knew that effective political action must mean something else, too. For all his love of theory or principle, he could be impatient with the ineffectual theorists he saw around him. He wanted to act with his friends. He was fearless in their common cause no less than in his devotion to his own precious, original, hardly conceived visions.

He was one of the derided Cockney School, and he more than any of the others turned the derision back on his accusers. Quite a company: Charles Lamb, no polemicist for sure, but the truest of friends at Hazlitt's side in many of his worst moments; "Mr. Keats, whose misfortune and crime it is," wrote Hazlitt, "to have been born, like John Milton, in London"; and Leigh Hunt, who had tasted prison for his principles and helped to keep his magnificently rebellious *Examiner* alive and kicking for nearly twenty years. In the bitter, tempestuous years after the battle of Waterloo, it was of course the Tories who led the merciless assault; they were soon assisted, however, by the whole wretched tribe of apostates, poetical and political, ex-radicals, wishy-washy Whigs, whiffling middle-of-the-roaders of every temporizing variety, and even just occasionally, alas, in a few melancholy flashes from afar, by Byron and his friends.

Hazlitt pierced the political realities with more passion than any of his associates. He was the friend or admirer of many directly engaged in political action: William Cobbett, John Thelwall, Thomas Holcroft, Thomas Hodgkin, and William Hone. He was an English Jacobin, and proud of it. No doubt that was the reason why he could appreciate Leigh Hunt's "high animal spirits and the vinous qualities of his mind." They could both have been broken together.



WILLIAM HAZLITT, 1825, BY WILLIAM BEWICK
THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Instead, they survived together; and as Bromwich justly asserts in an aside, Leigh Hunt, for this and much else, is due for "a serious revival." It could happen this year, on the second centenary of his birth.

It was primarily in those years, roughly between 1815 and 1820, when Hazlitt's political dreams seemed so nearly crushed forever, that he conducted his high critical debates, debates which continue to this day, with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Burke, Byron, and several more of hardly lesser stature. He was accused of letting his politics sour his literary judgment. The opposite was much truer: he proved his disinterestedness, and the absolute integrity of his judgments, as few other critics have done before or since.

The Cockney School, thanks to Hazlitt principally, was the first to acclaim the new spirit in poetry, while the Tories, the Whigs, and Byron were still condemning the Romantics of the Lake District to varying degrees of contempt or perdition. Coleridge and Wordsworth, in particular, are described by Hazlitt in prophetic phrases, which still glow and in invectives which still sear. "Any author whom we love *must* be another self," says Bromwich, in a sentence that might have been written by Hazlitt. He had that kind of love for Coleridge and Wordsworth (and for a few more such as Burke, Cervantes, Rousseau, Swift, and Montaigne). But he was also, like Shylock, a good hater, and Coleridge and Wordsworth deserved the lash too—not so much for the savage personal wrongs they had done Hazlitt, but for their public, unrestrained, unforgivable apostasies to the greatest cause of the people's freedom.

But now, to prove again the amazing and immaculate disinterestedness of Hazlitt, the critic, consider two exceptions: Shelley and Byron. Should he not have folded both of them to his bosom as political allies? Why, instead, did he cavil and qualify? Could not a little of that disinterested compassion have been spared for those unbowed radical heads? True enough, and yet with Shelley at least the dispute itself *was* political. Hazlitt almost put his friendship with Leigh Hunt in jeopardy over Shelley. His fear was that Shelley's

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politics were of such—no, not an extreme character (Hazlitt detested the political word *moderate* as much as anybody of his own time)—of such an outlandish, otherworldly, utopian character that they would stop anything being done. In politics, Hazlitt favored the doers over the talkers, especially if some sorts of high-minded talk actually blocked the next essential step along the path of common sense.

BUT WHAT OF Byron? The argument between him and Hazlitt was deeper and more rankling, when their political antipathies and sympathies should have made them joyous comrades-in-arms. Hazlitt showed no love in this case. He would eagerly take Leigh Hunt's part against Byron, and he would sometimes side with the Lakers. "Lord Byron in truth," wrote Leigh Hunt, "was afraid of Mr. Hazlitt; he admitted him like a courtier, for fear he should be treated by him as an enemy." But they hardly ever met face to face; and how much had they truly studied all each others' writings? The modern reader is able to read much more of Hazlitt's politics than ever Byron could have done. Would not Hazlitt have hailed Byron's letters, if he had ever had the chance to read them in bulk, as the greatest in the language? Byron's Venice was Hazlitt's Venice, too. Byron's ideas of a free Italy, of the poetry of politics, were Hazlitt's ideas, too. The curious, lamentable animosity between them was starting to abate toward the end. When Hazlitt heard of Byron's death, he lifted the essay he was writing to the proper mountain peak, and a few years later, in his talks with Northcote, the Hazlitt-Byron reconciliation, in the cause of freedom, was truly in the making.

Bromwich has firmer and holier ground on which to base his case, however, than this tenuous Footite foothold. "Another Self" is the title he gives to the chapter on John Keats. "No other encounter between poet and critic," he says, "has been so fortunate for literature." A high claim, but few readers will care to contest it. Others have written before on this association. Many have put the question why Hazlitt himself did not write more extensively on Keats, a full-scale essay instead of the gleaming, tantalizing single sentences that were not Hazlitt's usual way of letting a subject rest. On Keats's side, of course, the debt was fully understood

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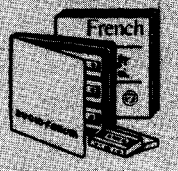

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and expressed: "I know he thinks himself not estimated by ten people in the world—I wish he knew he is . . . he is your only good damner. . . . He hath a demon as he himself says of Lord Byron." Bromwich observes that "Hazlitt seemed to Keats almost an embodiment of the modern idea of genius." And that was Keats's estimate round about the year 1819, before the writings of what a later age would reckon as at least half of the greatest Hazlitt essays. Often Bromwich interrupts himself with a cry of outrage about how monstrous and misleading it may be to cut Hazlitt in full flow. The same cry is the best way to deal with these abbreviated extracts from his chapter on Keats.

Even Keats, however, is not quite allowed the last word. Since Bromwich's Hazlitt is not only an inspirer of poets, wonderful though that profession is, he returns to the Hazlitt whose defense of Shylock "makes me feel that a truth is being told which has awaited utterance—that a kind of justice is being done." And if he needed any excuse to end on such a note, Bromwich reminds us that the very last essay Hazlitt himself was known to have written was on the "Emancipation of the Jews," a modern treatise on the difficult theme.

As it happens, another critic, indeed another kind of Hazlitt, came to see the same Edmund Kean perform the same role at the same theater some years later. He wrote a report on the scene as memorable as Hazlitt's. He was a true Hazlitt admirer—one of the first of the happy breed—and, like Keats, he never ceased to proclaim his debt. Maybe he had already read Hazlitt's criticism. Whether he had or not, it was the same Shylock he saw, Hazlitt's Shylock:

> When I saw the play presented in Drury Lane, standing back of me in the box was a pale British beauty who violently wept at the end of the fourth act and frequently cried: "The poor man is wronged!" Hers was a face of the noblest Grecian cut, and the eyes were large and black. I never could forget them, those great black eyes that wept for Shylock!
>
> But when I think of those tears, I must include *The Merchant of Venice* among the tragedies—although its frame is decorated with the gayest masks, satyr pictures and cupids, and even the poet really wanted to write a comedy. Perhaps Shakespeare intended to present a drilled werewolf for the amusement of the mob, a despised mythical creature that thirsts for blood, loses his daughter and his ducats over it, and is made ridiculous in the bargain. But the poet's genius, the world spirit reigning in him, always stands above his private will, and so it happened that despite the glaring burlesque he voiced in Shylock the justification of a hapless sect, which for mysterious reasons was burdened by Providence with the hate of the lower and the higher rabble, and did not always want to requite this hatred with love.
>
> But what am I saying? Shakespeare's genius also rises above the petty quarrel of two religious parties, and actually his drama shows us neither Jews nor Christians but oppressors and oppressed, and the madly agonized exultation of the latter when they can repay their arrogant tormentors with interest for insults inflicted.

The writer was Heinrich Heine, who had come to London in 1826. Even though they never met, his kinship with Hazlitt, political and literary, was intimate and extensive. Bromwich calls Hazlitt "the most restless of the English romantics." Heine was the most restless of the German romantics, which reminds us in turn of a third. "In English there is none like him," writes Bromwich. "In French there is Stendhal." Stendhal was the most restless of the French romantics. The restlessness of all three had the same source.

All three had the same tone and temper in their attitude to the revolution of their times. They were romantics in revolt against extreme romanticism. They loved the ardor of it and hated the egotism. They were disciples of Rousseau yet wanted more than Rousseau could give them. They were idealists who knew that present enemies must be fought here and now, tooth and nail, on their own ground. They all showed a passionate faith in man's benevolence and his perfectibility, but they knew, even without Burke to instruct them, that passion and prejudice could not easily be uprooted from the human heart. Since the passions could be good and the traditions could be right, why should they be? The creed of the unfrocked romantics would be the creed of the future.

Good, patriotic, freedom-loving Germans traced their creed back to Heine. Good, patriotic, freedom-loving Frenchmen traced theirs back to Stendhal. Good, patriotic, freedom-loving Englishmen (and the Celts with a special dispensation, since Hazlitt was at least half Celt) may go one better and insist that Hazlitt led the way.

MICHAEL FOOT

Michael Foot is a Labour Member of Parliament from Ebbu Vale, Wales.

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translated by Hillel Halkin

(Doubleday, 354 pp., $16.95)

The most important decision that a writer must make is probably not the decision about subject. It is the decision about scale. There are no new subjects; this may be particularly true of the novel, which has tracked its subject, the relationship of moral living to social living, with notable steadfastness over the course of centuries. What tells, however, is the scale. It is what may prevent a writer on a great subject from being a great writer. There is no social situation that cannot be raised by a certain kind of spiritual interest, and there is no spiritual situation that cannot be diminished by a certain kind of social interest. A writer has to decide, then, at what level he will make use of the material he has taken from the world. Scale, in this sense, is the measure of a writer's seriousness. Also, of his ambition, which in the best instances consists in a shocking belief in the possibility of greatness.

A. B. Yehoshua's new novel is, in its subject and its scale, a large novel. His subject is the fate of a family, or more precisely, the family as the instrument of fate. Rarely have the crippling consequences of the extraordinary closeness in which all lives begin, the banal derailments of fathers and mothers and sons and daughters and sisters and brothers and husbands and wives by one another, been captured with this

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much wisdom. Yehuda Kaminka, formerly of Israel, now of Minnesota, returns to obtain a late divorce from his wife, who was confined to a sanitarium in the wake of her attempt to kill him with a kitchen knife ("Because you disappointed me") years before. It was an act that permanently distorted all the pertinent lives. His return, therefore, is the occasion for the reopening of wounds. It takes only nine days to reveal the many sores of many years.

THE STORY of the mortification of the Kaminkas is told by Yehoshua in a brilliant series of monologues. The little grandson (Yehoshua's intimacy with the imagination of children, amply displayed in his last novel, *The Lover*, remains uncanny); the angry son-in-law, by turns hilarious and a horror; the daughter-in-law, a weak woman who writes; the son, a lecturer in Russian history who seems forever rattled; the other son, a homosexual who happens to live near his locked-up mother and has a Sephardic lover and a clever analyst; the daughter, whose kindness doesn't stand a chance among her own relations; poor Mrs. Kaminka, who cannot quite comprehend that her family has failed; and Mr. Kaminka, a philosophical man who has started a new family elsewhere—they all tell the story slowly, one after the other, until it reaches its crazy and catastrophic end.

The compassion with which Yehoshua creates all these smashed-up people is remarkable. His model, quite obviously, is Faulkner, *The Sound and The Fury* in particular; and while he does not achieve the raw sublimity of his model, the range of his human sympathies and his utterly unsentimental understanding of everybody's reasons are sufficient to show that a part of Faulkner's mantle has landed in, of all places, Israel.

When Yehoshua's novel was published in Israel—it appears here in a rather too elegant translation by Hillel Halkin—it occasioned great debates in the papers about its meaning. (Israel may be the only country in the world whose dailies run column after column of literary hermeneutics.) Some critics took it to be an allegory. It is at least plausible that the flight of Kaminka from Israel, from the wife who almost destroyed him, originates in Yehoshua's obsessive concern with the failure of the Jewish state to sustain all the Jews; too many are leaving and not too many are coming. And Kaminka does not survive the return to the homeland—a land that devours its inhabitants, as the spies from Canaan warned. Yehoshua is hardly dead to these dimensions of his saga. He is not only a talented novelist, he is a talented intellectual, too; his essays on the relations between Israel and the Diaspora, on the psychopathology of everyday Diaspora life, have established him as perhaps the last great Zionist ideologue.

Still, this is no *roman à thèse*. Its symbols are swamped by its reality. To be sure, it is a portrait of the inner life of Israelis who are worn down. To treat it mainly as a document, however, would be to condescend to its literary achievement. Yehoshua has frequently written on behalf of "the normalization of the Jewish people," that great Zionist slogan for the great Zionist dream; but his novel, insofar as it is not dominated by the public subjects that have dominated so much Israeli writing in the past, is itself a measure of how much normality has been snatched from the decades of adversity. More and more Israeli writing is becoming less and less "Israeli." Another posthumous victory for Herzl.

There is only one thing missing from *A Late Divorce*. That is transcendence. The novel is a little too psychological, a

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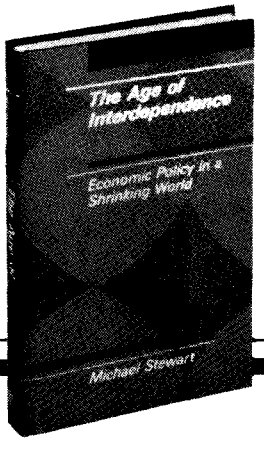

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little too schematic in its classification of the forms of familial suffering. It has its visionary moments, its passages of phantasmagoric humor, its spots of lyrical delirium, but these all lead back only to a kind of analytic sophistication. All this misery would seem to deserve a mystery. Or perhaps that is the final secret of family life. It may be that it includes no mystery. The pain may be completely understood. The tragedy may be without transcendence. Love may turn unwittingly into power, and every divorce is late.

LEON WIESELTIER

REQUIEM FOR A MONOPOLY

Heritage & Destiny: Reflections on the Bell System in Transition by Alvin von Auw

(Praeger, 496 pp., $25)

When Art Buchwald heard the news of AT&T's impending dissolution, he was moved to write a column in celebration of the only monopoly that he had ever loved. Indeed, a great many Americans wondered why it had been necessary to fix something that wasn't broken. As generations of traveling Americans can testify, foreign cuisine may be tastier but American telephone service is unrivaled. For decades AT&T was sole operator of a comprehensive network which tied together local and long-distance service. Its Bell Laboratories enjoyed an enviable reputation for research in pure science as well as for a stream of engineering improvements in message transmission. Widows, orphans, and ordinary investors could count on Ma Bell to pay annual $9 dividends until the end of time, or at least for their own earthly tenure. AT&T's manufacturing subsidiary, Western Electric, produced the telephones that the local Bell companies leased to customers.

To all intents and purposes, AT&T was fulfilling the mission defined for it by Theodore N. Vail, the inventor of the Bell system: universal service linking every American household. Vail perceived that his vision of a single huge corporate entity presiding over an economic function as vital as communications was politically realizable only in the context of regulation. State public service commissions accordingly have overseen charges for local calls and the Federal Communications Commission has negotiated with AT&T over interstate tariffs. Congress has passed legislation that seemingly ratified AT&T's position.

What went wrong? For one thing, the F.C.C. began harassing the company with investigations into its rate structure. For another, President Ford's attorney general, William Saxbe, initiated antitrust proceedings. For a third, William Baxter, until recently President Reagan's antitrust chief, threatened "to litigate the case to the eyeballs." But what proved conclusive seems to have been new technologies that blurred the line between data processing, an unregulated activity, and telecommunications. Large corporations like Litton and ITT saw no reason to surrender lucrative operations serving business customers to AT&T. Even before AT&T's current head man, Charles Brown, reluctantly acceded to Judge Harold Greene's Modified Final Judgment, AT&T was belatedly studying the division of its operations into regulated and unregulated components. While complex legal and political maneuvering proceeded over a decade, the public was quiescent, possibly out of the unfounded assurance that nothing would really change.

As anybody who has recently tried to get an old phone repaired or a new one installed can bitterly attest, things really have changed since January 1, 1984, and so far distinctly not for the better. Alvin von Auw, assistant to three AT&T chairmen between 1969 and 1981, has written a long, stately elegy upon the company he loved. For long

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stretches it reads as though translated from the Latin. Keen vision is needed to isolate the crucial verb embedded in sentences which stretch over eight or ten lines of type. Mr. von Auw, whose career centered in public relations, seems to have functioned as ghost writer for his three bosses. The deadly prose that he quotes from their speeches as well as his own soporific style just might have contributed to the general boredom over AT&T's fate.

This is a pity. If Mr. von Auw's formidable sense of propriety did not render it impossible, he could have told a tale full of human interest and lurid events in executive suites. The tale would certainly have put names to the marketing types within AT&T who judged Vail's universal service at the least in need of revision. They were eager to segment the market, diminish if not eliminate cross subsidies from business services and long-distance callers to local phones, and ally AT&T with the remainder of corporate America in pursuit of maximum profit.

BETWEEN THEM, the lawyers besotted by the theology of antitrust and the economists professionally deformed by the conviction that competition in all places and at all times is preferable to monopoly, did AT&T in. The lawyers refused to believe in AT&T protestations that its earnings objectives were never larger than the sums needed to maintain and improve universal services. They questioned relationships between AT&T and Western Electric on the grounds that as a wholly owned subsidiary, Western Electric was able to shut out rival suppliers. They dismissed company claims that the complete integration under single management of research, manufacturing, and service promoted efficiency and lowered costs to users.

For their part, economists were affronted by arrangements which compelled some phone users to pay more for service than its costs justified so that other users could pay less. Economists may not know very much, but they do know that higher prices discourage use and lower prices do the reverse. In the telephone market, it followed, too many resources were flowing to households and too few to other customers. To a true-blue economist, few sins are graver than deliberate misallocation of resources.

If it were not so tedious, *Heritage & Destiny* would serve the useful purpose of celebrating a unique business organization, one that demonstrated that a monopoly can perform efficiently in the public interest. We shall have the chance to see whether the horde of predators now engaged in carving up AT&T's empire will do as well for average customers as did staid old Ma Bell.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman teaches economics at the City University of New York. His most recent book is *Greed is Not Enough* (Pantheon).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

Third, TRB and Lane are offended that the Chinese government takes a large cut from the Sichuan Garden's staff salaries; and yet the Chinese government has nothing to say as to how a Western firm in China distributes its earnings. . . . I have never noted any claim that any Western firm operating in China must turn over a certain percentage of profits to the Western government whose nationals run that firm, in Chinese style, just because that firm is operating on Chinese soil.

In short, TRB claims that "when people are in the United States, wherever from and whatever for, they are free." It seems to me that in the case of restaurants, their staff is free to follow all the dictates of *our* political and economic systems, but not free to run their businesses according to their own customs and practices.

DOROTHY J. SOLINGER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BOOK DISPUTE

To the editors:

Bob Kuttner's allegation that I "wrote a book, for a fee, while on the federal payroll" ("Going Private," TNR, May 30, 1983) is both frivolous and false. The manuscript of my book, *Privatizing the Public Sector*, was delivered and accepted in August 1979, twenty months before my appointment to the Department of Housing and Urban Development. I received most of the payment for the book then. I completed and delivered my slightly revised manuscript

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in June 1980, ten months before my appointment.

A negligible amount of work was done on the book by HUD staff with my knowledge and authorization in 1981 just before printing. Specifically, some changes were typed in to reflect Administration positions, as suggested in part by White House staff. I did not immediately recall that minor effort when I was suddenly questioned about it one-and-a-half years later.

Some proofreading and typing that an overzealous assistant ordered without my knowledge or authority was unwanted, unnecessary, and demonstrably redundant; in fact, it introduced errors into the final manuscript.

The book and its ideas contributed directly to the policies and the work of HUD and the Administration, and any work on the book was a perfectly proper HUD activity. There are numerous precedents where prominent officials wrote books, in whole or in part, while in office to help promote their Administration's policies. To single out my small effort for criticism calls into question the judgment of the critics.

E. S. SAVAS
Tenafly, New Jersey

WRONG YEAR

To the editors:

Mr. George Dangerfield's review of A. J. P. Taylor's *A Personal History* ("The Troublemaker," TNR, January 9 & 16) was well done and had many interesting things to say about that preverse but fascinating historian. However, I doubt if Taylor would have approved of the reference to "the General Strike of 1925." The General Strike took place in 1926.

CHARLES WRONG
Tampa, Florida

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade, by Harvey Klehr (Basic). The last word on the American Communist movement's ties to Moscow. (Reviewed 3/5/84)

The Wall Jumper, by Peter Schneider, translated by Leigh Hafrey (Pantheon). A novel about dislocated lives on both sides of the Berlin Wall. (3/5/84)

Otto Klemperer: His Life and Times, Volume I: 1885-1933, by Peter Heyworth (Cambridge University Press). A groundbreaking account of one of the great musical figures of the century. (2/27/84)

Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World by David S. Landes (Harvard University Press). A lucid history of the mechanics and meanings of time. (10/10/83)

Politics in the Ancient World by M. I. Finley (Cambridge University Press). This skillful study examines the nature of political participation in the polis. (12/12/83)

Family Portrait with Fidel: A Memoir by Carlos Franqui (Random House). A former confidant of Castro sheds light on the origins and the failures of the Cuban Revolution. (2/20/84)

Louis Armstrong: American Genius by James Lincoln Collier (Oxford University Press). A full and perceptive portrait, which includes learned discussions of his music. (1/30/84)

Midsummer by Derek Walcott (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A masterful fifty-four-poem sequence, which establishes the poet's place at the center of current English poetry. (1/23/84)

Swift: The Man, His Works, and the Age, Volume Three: Dean Swift by Irvin Ehrenpreis (Harvard University Press). An exhaustive, often elegant treatment of the writer's last years. (2/13/84)

Stones for Ibarra by Harriet Doerr (Viking). A strikingly crafted first novel that tells fateful tales of life and death in a remote Mexican village. (1/30/84)

TRB, *from page 4*

its clout to slow this development, and managed to delay it for a decade.

Regulation, however skillful, cannot prevent corporate waste and lethargy. Only competition can do that. When AT&T built a microwave tower, it was a freestanding building with a private bathroom. When competitor MCI started building them, they were a few rods held up by guy wires, and what are those bushes over there for, anyway? Maybe the cheap tower isn't quite as good (MCI denies this), but it costs a third as much.

Change is disconcerting. (And AT&T hasn't tried very hard to make it less so. The new phone bills, for example, seem ostentatiously complicated.) But it's even more disconcerting to see liberal politicans pandering to the fear of change. Service may decline for a while and confusion may reign. But capitalism thrives on tumult, and if we have any faith at all in our own economic system, we can be fairly sure that the future will bring us wonders the old AT&T never dreamed of.

There's a reactionary streak in the progressive soul, which worries that every new development will harm poor people. Luddism is one word for it. The worry is admirable, but usually misplaced. The arguments you hear today, for example, that the computer revolution is leaving the poor behind, because they can't afford to buy into it, might have been made about the telephone itself a century ago. Who would have thought then that the luxury of being "on the telephone" would become a universal necessity? The same is true of today's luxuries, such as long-distance calling.

In the short run, poor people will lose a subsidy from long-distance users. But they were losing this subsidy even without the breakup, as large customers made their own arrangements with firms like MCI. If this loss really makes phone service widely unaffordable (and I'm skeptical), it will be easy enough for regulators to require cheap "barebones" service for those who can't afford better. Even now, though, poor people can buy a phone for $7 instead of renting one from Mother for $3 a month. And, like everybody else, they will find that being cut loose from Mama's apron strings, though terrifying at first, is a vast improvement once they get used to it.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Obsessions

UNLIKE MANY OF the Washington residents who departed the city in January 1981, I did so voluntarily. But like them, I left with much regret. Returning for a visit, I couldn't at first recall why, although reacquainting myself with Washingtonians refreshed my memory. Anyone who has ever lived here knows how intense is the capital's belief in its own importance. One always has the sense of being a front-row witness to history (if not an actual participant), while the rest of the country is stuck in the rear mezzanine. But I suspect that most people who have the good luck to leave soon learn, as I did, that their fears were mistaken. Beyond the city's main industry, Washington is nothing special. In cultural terms, it is modestly endowed. The theater is sparse and mostly second-rate, once you get past the Kennedy Center, whose glamorous extravaganzas have more to do with the worship of power than the love of art. Intellectual pursuits are generally limited to those that advance professional ambitions. Bookstores are well stocked only in the kinds of titles that might facilitate the work of O.M.B. statisticians and junior Foreign Service officers. Most fancy restaurants, despite the profusion of expense accounts, are mediocre; in fact, the number of bad restaurants per capita is probably higher here than anywhere else in the country. Genuine industry, of the sort that creates wealth and raises living standards, is almost nonexistent. Nonetheless, people here tend to think that places like Chicago, my current home, are as far removed from the world's important matters as rural Nebraska.

THE BELIEF IN the urgency of capital events manifests itself in a variety of ways, but my favorite illustration is the wave of shock that swept over the city in July of 1979. For days, all conversation centered on the dramatic events unfolding in the federal government. What dramatic events? Why, the departure of five members of Jimmy Carter's cabinet, including the Secretaries of H.E.W. and Transportation. Never mind that the effect on anything beyond Joseph Califano's lecture fees was sure to be microscopic: Washington's press and citizenry couldn't have been more fascinated if there had been a military coup led by Curtis LeMay. Outside the Beltway, I suspect, anyone lamenting the fate of Brock Adams would have drawn blank stares or patronizing sympathy. I soon discovered that the peculiar obsessions of Washingtonians have not changed in three years. While having dinner with a friend at a Connecticut Avenue restaurant on a Sunday evening, I could overhear the conversations at three neighboring tables. All of them were energetically rehashing the previous night's edition of "Agronsky and Company."

WHICH BRINGS ME to one of the most annoying things about this city: the ubiquity of George F. Will. Open the newspaper, buy a copy of *Newsweek*, turn on the TV morning, noon, or night, and you will find him there, riffling majestically through his quotation file. As a competing syndicated columnist, I may be a trifle sensitive on this point, but the impossibility of escaping the man cannot be denied. If he were an oil company, Will would have been sued long ago by the Justice Department for monopolizing the market. Why is he so successful? Part of it obviously is talent—even though he's wrong most of the time, Will writes and speaks with extreme fluency. He is also phenomenally energetic. His print or his broadcast responsibilities alone would keep most journalists on the verge of exhaustion. He possesses an inimitable (though unfortunately much imitated) style, and he has an occasional original thought, both of which set him apart from the rest of the city's journalistic herd. But Will is also a little like the movie *Flashdance*—it has its charms, but none of them sufficiently explains its success. Of course, he is well known elsewhere, but nothing prepares a visitor for his influence here. Washingtonians—left, right, and center—cite him as often as fundamentalists invoke Scripture. After a few days, I thought I had gotten inured to it. Then one member of Congress, whom I had admired, concluded our interview by informing me how much he liked my work. I was groping for a suitably modest reply when he went on: "By the way, did you see George Will's column the other day?"

WHEN I MOVED to Chicago, I did so hoping secretly for an early reassignment to Washington. My regard for the city was much like that of the Washington bank that advertises itself, without irony, as "the most important bank in the most important city in the world." The first time I had lunch with the woman who is now my wife, another capital émigré, she assured me I would grow to prefer my new home. Why? "Texture," she replied—something Chicago has and Washington lacks. She was right, though it took about six months before I decided that a transfer back here would be grounds for updating my résumé. The sterile uniformity of capital life is something you hardly notice until you have something to contrast it to. Other towns have only one major industry, but in Pittsburgh people have interests besides steel. Here, government and politics are not only vocation but avocation. Obviously I take a keen interest in such things, or I wouldn't be writing about them for a living. But in Chicago it's possible to leave them at the office, like any other professional interest, and then turn your attention to other concerns. In Washington, barroom conversations run to the snags in Alan Cranston's media operation or the mark-up deliberations of the House Judiciary Committee. There is no escape. And journalists, who make knowledge about such matters their life's work, tend to become celebrities. In Washington, informing someone you're with the *Post* gets you instant respect (or, among conservatives, instant antipathy). In Chicago, I was surprised, but also refreshed, to learn that informing someone you're with the *Tribune* or the *Sun-Times* gets you nothing. There, mere scribblers rank low on the social scale, well beneath anyone successful in business. That's just as it should be. Before someone proposes to make me as famous as George Will, I'd better get back to Chicago.

STEPHEN CHAPMAN

Stephen Chapman, a former associate editor of TNR, is a syndicated columnist for *The Chicago Tribune*.

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